

...s, all your voices raise
...he name of Jesus!

...that bright world above,
...see our Jesus,
...round the throne of love,
...the name of Jesus.

There is a Fountain.

Peter's (B.J. 128): The
Day (B.J. 65): And Lang
J. 37).

A Fountain filled with blood
from my Saviour's veins
has plunged beneath that
I
if their guilty stains.

Chorus.

e, I will believe,
us did for me.
e Cross: He shed His blood
to set me free.

choiced to see
tain in his day:
ave I, though vile as I
my sins away.

faith I saw the stream
wounds supply,
love has been my theme,
he till I die.

ubbler, sweeter song,
power to save,
poor lisping, stammering
in the grave.

Merely Still for Thee.

Tune.—T. J. 15.

er, knowing not the soul
is loving face,
as living all the while,
out offered grace,
dava's voice doth sound,
te waits to free:
hath a ransom found,
they still for thee.

Chorus.

they still for thee!
ey still for thee!
ng soul, He'll make the
ey still for thee!

arkness, thou hast strayed;
joy and peace;
se worldly pleasures tried,
hem soon to cease,
lingering ray of hope,
thou mayst be:
the joyful sound,
y still for thee!

of years rise mountains
by hopes destroy;
lood can wash away
nd bring thee joyous
nent in earnest prayer,
safety flee;
angels chant the strain,
ey still for thee!

Solo.

at Thy Feet I Lay.

wear, Jesus to Thee
mercy, oh, look on me;
alvation now let me see,
miseration set my spirit free.

Chorus.

Thy feet I lay.

Quarry,
sh's thorny way,
e soul I'll be,
should I further stray,
na shed for me,
lon Thou didst pay,
on the tree.

lon, turn not away,
arken, hear as I pray:
ord, this I own,
the bringer Thou dost
throne.

ng, pardon I blam'
ug, from every stain
ardon, praised 'be Thy

dominion, henceforth
reign.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND AND NORTH-WEST AMERICA.



FORSAKING HOME TO TAKE THE FIELD.

(See article on page 4.)

THE "TAMING OF A TOUGH."

An Australian Story.

HERE to start to tell about Jim Barry is a poser. Perhaps, as he is just now at his best, it will be just as well to describe him as he is, before relating about his "has-beens." Well, picture to yourself a strongly-built, powerful-looking man of say thirty years of age, head well set on his shoulders, arms that would do credit to a blacksmith, bronzed with exposure, and bearing on one a cleverly-tinted figure of a race-horse, and on the other a buck-jumper and rider—both indications of the inclinations of their wearer—for in his time Jim has been both jockey and horse-breaker. It is hard to believe he could ever have ridden as a light-weight, but it is so. He is not bad-looking, and his health-lined face indicates intelligence and humor.

Jim may be called an exceptionally educated individual, as his vocabulary is extraordinarily extensive, so that the ordinary colloquial would have occasionally to admit his ignorance and request an interpretation.

"You mightn't think there is any difference between a 'burrarra' and a 'laucha,'" he will explain, "but there is." "A 'burrarra' is simply a 'jag' who can't tell sugar from dilly-bush, but a 'laucha' is a 'dog' who can't tell a 'dog' from a 'dog' in a 'dog'." In meetings, for Jim for a considerable time past has been a Salvationist, he likes to hear and give straightforward, simple testimonies, but objects to any "dog" in them—presumably "dog Latin." There have been passages in the life of Jim Barry which he would like to erase from his record, but while they may be blotted out from the great Book of Remembrance, it is one of the possibilities all have to pay for a mispent life—the recollection during this life of their evil deeds; and, as proofs of the power of God to change the heart, such memories may be made means of help to others. Some of these we shall have to refer to.

Adult life with Jim commenced anxiously. As a compositor he gave just enough satisfaction to be handed his salary a week before it was due and given a permanent holiday, the first part of which he spent in the country—his last sixpence going a beer. He was now about seventeen. Having obtained a billet as a station hand, he one day quarrelled with his boss, and both being well mounted, the latter chased him with a stick, ready for business, and Jim only got away by clearing a high fence which his employer's horse would not free. Returning to town, Jim's father got him into a woolbroker's, but he did not stay, for good and sufficient reasons. One day his duty was to help dispense the free lunch and liquor supplied to clients, and, having himself sampled a variety of intoxicating beverages, he was at close of day discovered asleep, jammed in a half mile of wool.

Jockeying in different parts of the colonies, sometimes well in funds, sometimes wanting, filled in a year or so; but a jump over a five-foot gate and a fall, which resulted in a broken arm, and internal injuries, put a temporary stop to equestrian pursuits. Jim recoiled narrowly escaped death at this juncture—not so much through his injuries as through the sympathy they evoked. At the house into which he had been carried, a vinegary-looking but emotional servant, who was sent now and again to see and report how the patient was progressing, was so touched by his sufferings on one of her visits she burst into tears, and sobbed: "Oh, do not die; live for my sake!" This inducement to live seemed so comical to Jim that he laughed until he literally thinks he "nearly died."

The comical element has played a prominent part in Jim's adventures, even in those of a regrettable character, and his escapades in conjunction with Thirsty, moneyless, beerless, the "push" of questionable companions could hardly fail to raise a smile from even a Plymouth Brother. Such, for instance, as the selling of a man as a "bag of bones." Thirsty, moneyless, beerless, the "push" formed themselves into a committee of ways and means. At last a happy idea, suggested at first in a joke, but found to have possibilities in it, struck one of that number.

"Why not sell Costello here as a 'bag of bones'?" (Costello was the thinnest of the party.) "Well, why not? Old lie is on the spree, and we could fix him up so that he would not notice!"

Further debate resulted in a general scattering in search of bones for a sort of top dressing, and then Costello, who readily lent himself to the scheme, got into a great bag; was covered with cardboard to prevent unpleasant results, and then a thick layer of bones filled the top part of the sack. They carted him to the shop of "like" the dealer, and two of them lifted the bag on to the weighing-machine. The dealer, who was drunk, just glanced into the sack, and, though he did express a little surprise at the indicated weight, he paid up, and told the carriers to take it to the tip in the yard. This, of course, they did, and Costello crawled out undetected and got over the fence, the whole brotherhood reuniting with sufficient ill-gotten funds for their requirements. These, by the way, were supplemented by proceeds of bottles handed over the fence from the yard and re-sold to the drunken dealer.

Although Jim's acquaintance with the police has been limited, his convictions have been mainly for offences resulting from drink and the indulgence of a pugnant propensity which has been disastrous to himself and others. Thus a formidable charge of murderous assault was preferred against him a few years ago. While drinking with another man, the two got into hot argument about the pedigree of a horse, and in a hasty moment the other had used an offensive epithet towards Jim. A fight ensued, and the former gave in; but, carried away by passion, Jim continued to batter away until his victim had to be conveyed to an hospital. Jim was arrested, but was treated as a first offender. Transport, while in prison, was responsible for another conviction, for which he served three months' imprisonment. In this instance he was trying to push his way into an opium den when a Chinaman tried to keep him away, and closed the door in his face. Seizing a block, used by the Chinese to cut their fish open, he hurled it at the door, splintering it into matchwood. Detectives searched for him, and, his whereabouts having been betrayed by a girl, he was arrested. Soon after being placed in the cell, a man he knew, but who had not been near the scene of the above incident, was put in also.

"Why, what are you in here for?" asked Jim.

"Oh, they say I assaulted a 'Chow' and damaged his door."

"Why, that's what I'm in for!" In the morning Jim pleaded guilty, and tried to exonerate his companion. The bench, however, gave him three months, also, on the strength of previous records.

Now and again Jim took spells of temperance, and, when in town, made honest endeavors to keep away from his old companions; but, trusting to his own strength, his efforts always broke down, generally meaning a "burst," which led to jail or hospital. On the 12th of February, 1899, a Saturday, he had been drinking heavily; also during the Sunday following; and, feeling bad in the evening, he thought he would put in an hour in the Little Bourke Street barracks, so as to get away from "the

boys," and be mere fit later on to "make a night of it."

Something was said about drinking in that meeting that caused him to alter his mind as to the latter part of the program. He went to the penitent form, and has never touched intoxicants from that time to this. He had work to go to on the Monday at a horse-dealer's, but the officers, with whom he had some conversation, wanted him to call at Headquarters. Here the Colony Secretary invited him to stay at one of the Homes, if, in the billet he was going to, he felt himself in danger. The question was soon decided, for, upon his refusal to go to a public-house for some beer, his employer said he wanted "none of the sanctimonious sort" on his premises, and Jim left. Since then, with the exception of a period spent up country, during which he led a consistently Christian life, Jim has been doing good work as a useful paid employee at the Home.—Austral Underworld.

EUROPEAN MONARCHIES.

What a cynical observer would call "the religious sentiment" is at present strongly represented on the thrones of Europe, and it is certainly strange that none of the great reflectors of public thought have not brought it into prominence.

The Czar of all the Russias is known as singularly devoted to the observances of his church, and he is a man as profoundly stirred by desires to promote the world's peace as any Quaker would wish. The Emperor of Germany believes in, and proclaims, in season and out of season, his Divine calling, and is not ashamed to act as chaplain when on board ship. His last sermon contained a vigorous appeal to his subjects to pray. The Kings of Denmark and Sweden are religious monarchs. The Emperor of Austria is most punctilious in his regard for the duties of his church. The Queen of Holland is not only a professed Protestant, but a staunch teetotaler. The life of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the purity of her court, testify to the Christian principles which have regulated her character. The latest addition to the ranks of the religious monarchy is King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. Parts of his speech on the occasion of his ascending the throne read like extracts from our own Articles of War. A young man, confronted with problems such as few kings have to face, he might well have been excused if he had sounded a note of fear in his address. But, no. Fearlessly he concluded by testifying, "I ascend the throne without fear and in a quiet spirit." Brought up in the love of religion and the Fatherland, I call God to witness my promise that from this day forth and for ever I shall labor with all my heart for the greatness and prosperity of my country."

Was it Voltaire who prophesied that one hundred years from his death the fetich Christianity would be numbered among obsolete religions? There are as yet no signs that he knew when he prophesied!

Ofttimes when we imagine ourselves most beguired, we are rich; when most conscious of weakness, we are strong, because then we know ourselves, and there is no greater help, no surer defence, than self-knowledge; without it, whatever be our abilities or ambitions, they will fail and come to grief on the perilous rocks of self-ignorance.

THE TEN GRACES.

Faith is the eye of the soul.

Love is the heart of the soul.

Hope is the buoy of the distressed.

Kindness is the hand of love.

Humanity is the saints' sandals.

Truthfulness is the backbone of spiritual life.

Obedience is the foundation of religion.

Purity is the most beautiful garment of the spirit.

Self-denial is the strongest nutrition of usefulness.

Persistence is the channel that directs our efforts to one purpose.

Musings of Many Minds.

Children are God's Apostles.—Lowell.

He well repeats that will not sin, yet can.

Be clever, if you will and can; but, first of all, be good.

Let it be your aim in every act of life to be rather than to seem.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

Avoid all hypocrisies and shams of every kind. Be wholly sincere in every word you speak, and everything you do.

All that has made England famous, and all that has made England wealthy, has been the work of minorities, sometimes very small ones.

Remember that intense earnestness and earnest, conscientious labor are the keys to success in every undertaking. Be in earnest, then. Work hard. Having formed a purpose let nothing tempt you from its accomplishment.

As a beam of sunlight sent through a room will at once reveal numberless motes floating through the air of the room, so a ray of Divine love let into the heart will immediately make visible to us a cloud of imperfections of which we were before entirely unaware.

If you have high and lofty aims, no matter how hard a struggle you may have to make before they may be realized, press on, fight on, till you have attained them. What if you do have to sacrifice the thousand and one pleasures of life? Let them go without a thought.

To take up one's cross, lightly as men and women use the phrase now, utterly as they profess it by audacious trivial and insignificant, to take up one's cross is to regard one's self as a criminal on the way to execution, to acknowledge the sentence just, and to live the very life in submitting to it.

By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most perfect trust, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the sincerest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable.

Forgive, forgive—even should our full hearts break:

The broken heart Thou wilt not, Lord, despise;

Ah! Thou art still too gracious to forsake,

Though Thy strong hand so heavily chastise.

Hear all our prayers, hear all our murmurs, Lord;

And, though our lips rebel, still make Thyself adored.

* THE GREATEST OF ALL. *

My greatest loss.—To lose my soul.

My greatest gain.—Christ, my Saviour.

My greatest object.—To glorify God.

My greatest joy.—To win souls for Christ.

My greatest work.—The joy of God's salvation.

My greatest inheritance.—Heaven and its glories.

My greatest victory.—Over death, through Christ.

My greatest neglect.—To neglect so great salvation.

My greatest crime.—To reject Christ, the only Saviour.

My greatest privilege.—Power to become the son of God.

My greatest bargain.—The loss of all things to win Christ.

My greatest profit.—Godliness in this life and that to come.

My greatest peace.—The peace that passeth understanding.

My greatest knowledge.—To know God and Jesus Christ Whom He hath sent

of the soul.
of the soul.
of the distressed.
hand of love.
saints' sandals.
backbone of spirit.
foundation of religion.
most beautiful garment
e strongest nutrition
the channel that dis-
e purpose.

Many Minds.

the Apostles.—Lowell.
that will not sin, yet
will and can; but,
in every act of
man to seem.
measure I know is to do
wealth, and to have it
dent.
crisies and shams of
holly sincere in every
nd everything you do.
ade England famous,
ade England wealthy,
k of minorities, some-
ones.

intense earnestness
entious labor are the
in every undertaking.
a. Work hard. Hav-
let nothing tempt
omplishment.
unlight sent through a
ce reveal numberless
rough the air of the
Divine love let into the
extreme customs of which we
oly unaware.

gh and lofty aims, no
a struggle you may
ore they may be real-
ht on, till you have
hat if you do have to
and one pleasures
go without a thought.
e's cross, lightly as
ue the phrase now,
profane it by applica-
insignificant, to take
to regard one's self as
way to execution, to
sentence just, and to
in submitting to it.

you mean the greatest
t usefulness, and the
est, and the most open
and the noblest suffer-
ancest truth, and the
and the greatest union
ch brave men and wo-

even should our fall
; Thou wilt not, Lord,
ill too gracious to for-
rong hand so heavily
yers, hear all our mur-
; lips rebel, still make
red.

HEROES OF THE CROSS.

IV.—Elizabeth Fry, the Angel of the Prisons.

THE city of Norwich has several things to recommend it to the tourist, chief of which is the cathedral. Great, massive, sullen structure—begun in the eleventh century—it adheres more closely to its Norman type than any other building in England.

Within sound of the tolling bells of this great cathedral, eye, almost within the shadow of its turrets, was born, in 1780, Elizabeth Gurney. Her line of ancestry traced directly back to the de Courneys, who came with William the Conqueror, and laid the foundations of this church and England's civilization. To the sensitive, imaginative girl this sacred temple, replete with history, failed off into storied song and curious legend, meant much. She haunted its solemn transepts, and followed with eager eyes the carved bosses on the ceiling, to see if the cherubs pictured there were really alive.

And so Elizabeth grew in years and in stature and in understanding; and although her hands were not members of the Established Religion, yet a great cathedral is greater than seat, and to her it was the true House of Prayer. It was there that God listened to the prayers of His children. She loved the place with an idolatrous love, and with all the splendid superstition of a child, and thither she went to kneel and ask fulfillment of her heart's desire. All the beauties of ancient and innocent days moved radiant and luminous in the azure of her mind.

Once in the streets of Norwich she saw a dozen men with fetters riveted to their legs, all fastened to one clanking chain, breaking stone in the drizzle of a winter rain. And she thought came to her that the rich ladies, wrapped in furs, who rolled by in their carriages, going to the cathedral to pray, were no more Gods' children than these wretches breaking stone from the darkness of a winter morning until darkness settled over the earth again at night.

She saw plainly the patent truth that if some people were gaudy and costly raiment, others must dress in rags; if some ate and drank more than they needed, and wasted the good things of the earth, others must go hungry; if some never worked with their hands, others must needs toil continuously.

The Gurneys were nominally Friends, but they had gradually slipped away from the directness of speech, the plainness of dress, and the simplicity of the Quakers. They were getting rich on Government contracts—and who wants to be ridiculous anyway? So, with consternation, the father and mother heard the avowal of Elizabeth to adopt the extreme customs of the Friends. They sought to dissuade her. They pointed out the uselessness of being singular.

and the folly of adopting a mode of life that makes you a laughing-stock.

But this eighteen-year-old girl stood firm. She had resolved to live the Christ-life and devote her energies to lessening the pains of earth. Life was too short for frivolity; no one could afford to compromise with evil. She became the friend of children; the champion of the unfortunate; she aided with the weak; she was their friend and comforter. Her life became a cry in favor of the oppressed, a defence of the down-trodden, an exaltation of self-devotion, a prayer for universal sympathy, liberty, and light. She pleaded for the vicious, recognizing that all are sinners, and that those who do unlawful acts are no more sinners in the eyes of God than we who think them.

The religious nature and sex-life are closely akin. The woman possessing a high religious fervor is also capable of a great and passionate love. But the Norwich Friends did not believe in a passionate love, excepting in the work of the devil. Yet this they knew, that marriage tames a woman as nothing else can. They believed in religion, of course, but not an absorbing, fanatical religion! Elizabeth should get married—it would cure her mental malady; exaltation of spirit in a girl is a dangerous thing anyway.

And so the old ladies found a worthy Quaker man who would make a good husband for Elizabeth. The man was willing. He wrote a letter to her from his home in London, addressing it to her father. The letter was brief and business-like. It described himself in modest but accurate terms. He weighed ten stone, and was five feet eight inches high; he was a merchant with a goodly income; and in disposition was all that was to be desired—at least he said so.

The Gurneys looked up this Mr. Fry, merchant of London, and found all as stated. He was invited to visit at Norwich; he came, he saw, and was conquered. He liked Elizabeth, and Elizabeth liked him—she surely did, or she would never have married him.

Elizabeth bore him twelve children. Mr. Fry was certainly an excellent and amiable man. I find it recorded, "he never in any way hampered his wife's philanthropic work."

Contrary to expectations, Elizabeth was not tamed by marriage. She looked after her household with diligence; but instead of confining her "social duties" to following hotly after those in station above her, she sought out those in the stratum beneath. Soon after reaching London she began taking long walks alone, watching the people, especially the beggars. The lowly and the wretched interested her. She saw, girl though she was, that beggarhood and vice were twins.

In one of her daily walks, she noticed on a certain corner a frowled woman holding a babe, and thrusting out a grimy hand for alms, telling a woeful tale of dead soldier husband to such passer-by. Elizabeth stopped and talked with the woman. As the day was cold she took off her mittens and gave them to the beggar, and went her way. The next day she again saw the woman on the same corner and again talked with her, asking to see the baby held so closely within the tattered shawl. An intuitive glance told her that this sickly babe was not the child of the woman who held it. She asked questions that the woman evaded. Pressed further, the beggar grew abusive, and took refuge in curses, with dire threats of violence. Mrs. Fry withdrew, and waiting for nightfall followed the woman; down a winding alley, past rows of rotting tenements, into a cellar below a gin-shop. There, in this one squalid room, she found a dozen babies, all tied fast in cribs, or chairs, starving, or dying of inanition. The woman, taken by surprise, did not grow violent this time; she fled, and Mrs. Fry, sending for two women Friends, took charge of the sufferers.

This sub-cellar nursery opened the eyes of Mrs. Fry to the grim fact that England, pretending to be Christian, was essentially barbaric. She set herself to the task of doing what she could while life lasted to lessen the horrors of ignorance and sin.

Newgate Prison then, as now, stood in the centre of the city. It was necessary to have it in a conspicuous place so that all might see the result of wrongdoing and be good. Along the front of the prison were strong iron gratings where the prisoners crowded up to talk with their friends. Through these gratings the unhappy wretches called to strangers for alms, and thrust out long wooden spoons for contributions that would enable them to pay their fines. There was a woman's department, but if the men's department was too full, men and women were herded together.

Mrs. Fry worked for her sex, so of these I will speak. Women who had children under seven years of age took them to prison with them. At one time, in the year 1826, we find there were one hundred and ninety women and one hundred children in Newgate. There was no bedding. No clothing was supplied, and those who had no friends outside to supply them clothing were naked, or nearly so, and would have been exactly were it not for the spark of divinity that causes the most depraved of women to minister to each other. Women hate only their successful rivals. The lowest of women will assist each other when there is dire emergency.

In this pen, awaiting trial, execution, or transportation, were girls of twelve and senile, helpless creatures of eighty. All were thrust together. Hardened criminals, besotted creatures, maid-sevants accused of stealing thimbles, pure-hearted, brave-hearted girls who had run away from brutal parents or more-brutal husbands, insane persons—



ELIZABETH FRY.

all were herded together. All of the keepers were men. Patrolling the walls were armed guards, who were ordered to shoot all who tried to escape. These guards were usually on good terms with the women-prisoners—bemoaning at will. When the mailed hand of government once thrust these women behind iron bars, and relieved virtuous society of their presence, it seemed to think it had done its duty. Inside, no crime was recognized save murder. These women fought, overpowered the weak, stole from and maltreated each other.

Visitors who ventured near to the grating were often asked to shake hands, and if once a grip was gotten upon them the man was drawn up close, while long, sleazy fingers grabbed his watch, handkerchief, neck-searf, or hat—all was pulled into the den. Sharp nail-marks on the poor fellow's face told of the scrimmage, and all the time the guards on the walls and the spectators roared with laughter. Oh, it was awfully funny!

(To be continued.)

What is an Agnostic?

It was in a Third Avenue car. An old man sat watching a bunch of hand-bills that hung fluttering above him. Rising at length, he pulled one of the bills off, and adjusting his spectacles, began to read it.

It was an advertisement announcing in bombastic language, a lecture on the subject: "What must I do to be Saved?" The lecturer was said to be Colonel R. C. Ingersoll, the great Agnostic.

The old man got along all right in his reading until he came to the word "Agnostic," when he turned to a gentleman seated next him, and asked, "What is an Agnostic?"

"An Agnostic is one who professes to know nothing," was the reply.

"Then a 'great Agnostic' would be a 'great know-nothing'—is that it?"

"I suppose so," answered the gentleman; "that is what the word means."

"And people pay for hearing this man lecture on a subject he professes to know nothing about?"

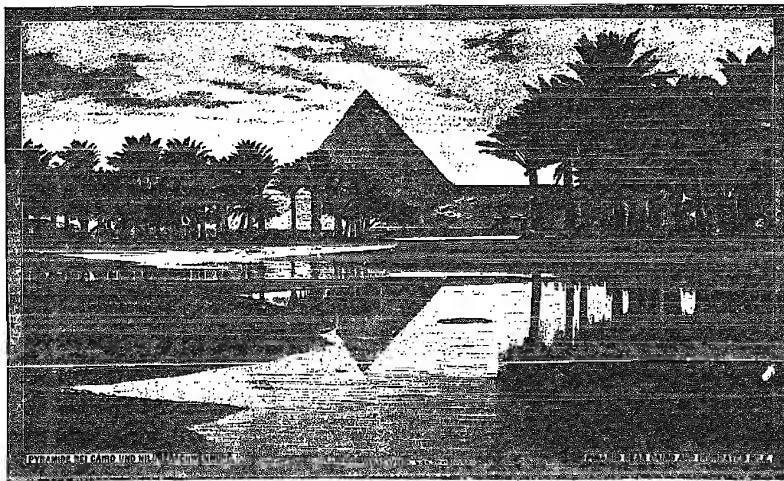
"It would seem that way."

"Well," said the old man as he motioned to the conductor to stop the car, "I think if I was a 'know nothing,' I would keep quiet on the subject of 'What must I do to be Saved,' until I found out!"

But the old man did not possibly think that there was \$300 a night in it for the "great Agnostic," which came out of the pockets of his poor dupes, who loved to be humbugged by being told that nobody could or did know anything about these things.

But is it so, that we are left in such ignorance about so important a question? Apart from the fact that there are thousands of the most reputable people, who could arise and testify that they know they are saved and have their sins forgiven and enjoy the peace of God, etc., we have the testimony of a Book, the Bible, which shone as a light in the midst of darkness for millions of pre-lou souls, guiding them over life's stormy sea, and eventually landing them in their desired haven.—Eds.

When God puts a mountain in your path it is a sign that He would lift you up.



PYRAMID NEAR CAIRO AND THE NILE.

The Need Your Call.

(To our frontispiece.)

Men are dying; children are raised in vice and crime; women grow bitter in the pinch of poverty; sin is rampant all around you; drunkenness, staggering about our streets and wrecks houses and hearts; vice arrayed ininsel and gaudiness, laughs the hollow laughter of despair; jails, prisons, and reformatories are filled and disgorge upon society a stream of imbibed and branded humanity that seeks to revenge its isolation by reprisals and darker deeds. Asylums are filled with the victims of direct or indirect wrong that has de-throned God-given reason and set madness in its place. Sin fascinating, sin delusive, sin ugly, sin hideous, sin worked out in despair, sorrow and death, sin in the palace, sin in the hut, in satin and rags, in home and factory, boasting on the street and hiding in the darkness—sin and its terrible effects are all around us.

Have you grown so familiar to the sight that it wakes no sympathy in your heart?

It is true, indeed, that we do often get so horribly accustomed to certain forms of sin, which we meet frequently, that the horror that it aroused within us at first sight, is, by the very widespread prevalence of that sin worn off, and we fail to notice after a time, anything repulsive about it.

Let it not be so. Open your eyes wide, let your ears be unstopped, to see and hear, and notice all your sin of human misery and sin. If none lives your way, then seek it out, so that God may, in His mercy, awake within you that priceless gift of sympathy, which goes out towards the sufferer and sinner in earnest, endeavor to help him.

When we read of the actual accomplishment of the Army in its brief existence, its miraculous growth throughout the globe, its hundreds of institutions, its fifteen thousand officers, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers redeemed from sin and shame, marching on to proclaim free and full salvation to the sinner everywhere, we say from the depths of our hearts,

Thank God for the Salvation Army.

But sin is still with us. Infidelity and shame is on the increase. Officers are dying and becoming disabled for the sight. Who will take their place? Opportunities are opening unto us new doors; who will enter them? Extensions of our Social work are both timely and necessary; who will help in it? We must have more officers.

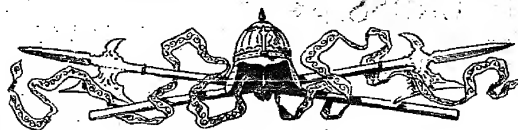
Our frontispiece shows us Joan d'Arc, as she hears the call of the angel to rise to the opportunity of delivering her country and her people from the invaders. When she understood the dire need and sure straits, she left her sleep and relinquished the distaff, emblematic of the household duties of women, and grasped the sword for the greater need and grander deed.

So many soldiers will say, "I can live a good, consistent life at home with my people, and be a faithful soldier, doing my best in my spare time." So you can, but what of the deliverance of the millions drifting in the cruel bondage of sin's illusions to a burning hell? What are you doing to deliver these slaves? Can you not see in the great need for heroes of God?

Your Call to the Front?

You have health, youth, gifts, and chances to account for to God. Leave the more desirable and pleasant life of comparative ease, and come out fully for God and souls. The angel of Jehovah points out to you the battlefield of earth, where heaven and hell are ceaselessly engaged in fearful battle over man's soul. The Sword of the Spirit will be your unfailing weapon—there is no excuse for your hesitation—heed the call and step out boldly on the promises of God.

God wants not only soldiers, but leaders. A fine army of brave soldiers with the best equipment will do little use without capable leaders and officers. A body without a head, a city without



Bible Readings from Jamaica.

IX.—THE MARCH OF MOSES.

By ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

WHEN the Lord said unto Moses, "Go and lead my people out From their slavery under Pharaoh; lead them by the Red Sea route."

Moses had a mind to falter, for he feared the people would; But when God gave him an Aaron, he obeyed, just as he should. [So it happened with our Gen'l, when the Lord told him to go To the Mile End Waste for sinners, there were hind'rances, you know; But when God breathed on his children; made a preacher of his wife— All the doubts and ruts soon vanished; said he, "We are thine for life."]

Pharaoh did not like God's Moses; would not let the people go, Till the Lord by death and judgments had some miracles to show:

Even then he tried to stop them, tried to make a compromise: Told them he would let them worship; also many other lies. But they started far from "empty," for they'd got a deal of gold, Which they'd borrowed from their neighbors, the Egyptians, we are told. God was with them from the starting; Neither did they aught things lack, Pharaoh lost his chariot army, which he sent to bring them back And before them in the daytime, went a cloud to lead the band, And at night a fiery pillar, pointed to the promised land. Bread from heaven God provided, and their water too was sure, But, just like some modern Christians, they complained and wanted more. Moses saw the need of order; got some laws engraved on stone; Had his "Rules and Regulations," marching orders—like our own.

Notwithstanding all precautions, he soon found some grumblers too, Who upset his calculations, till he scarce knew what to do. God Himself was disappointed; worried with their faithless talk; And the journey made the longer by their winding, crooked walk. Then they longed for Egypt's flesh-pots, made an image out of gold; Till God's love was turned to anger, and He slew some, we are told. But when they again repented, God's great heart was softened too; When they said, "We will do better;" He said, "I will strengthen you." And as mark of chosen people, as a help to stand the storm, He commanded Moses saying, "Put them all in uniform. When they look upon the ribbon they'll remember each command, When the heathen see them coming, they will know they are My band."

[Just as our dear General, bless him! has his uniform of red, Which we all wear as a token we have been through Red Sea led]. So when Midianites opposed them, they had easy victory; Praps because they were united, as God's people ought to be. When there was a Self-Denial, and a call for offerings too, They smashed every old-time target, till God said, "thanks that will do." And we're told that notwithstanding many died along the track, Many were no help to Moses, many were for looking back— Yet, in spite of every hindrance, Moses marched his army till Other generals were appalled—so God's army's marching still!

Oh, dear reader, are you in it? are you of the willing few Who won't say, how little need I? but will say what can I do? Do you hanker after Egypt? do you make a god of gold? Do you murmur, "can God feed me?" like the Israelites of old. If you do, repent this moment. He will heed your humble cry— If you've got a broken spirit, He will never pass you by. He will breathe His life into you; will enable you to stand; Bless you, guide you, feed you, clothe you—right into the promised land!



government, an organ without an organist are as much use.

God Wants Leaders!

His army requires modern Joshua's to give the word of command; to marshal the troops, to lead them on to battle, and to direct their movements against the enemy. You ought to be an officer, but you are not! What is the reason? You are unable to have your crosses endorsed by your conscience. You know all your other ambitions are opposed, in a manner, to officership in the Army. Then drop these ambitions. Let go the lesser for the greater; leave the path of ease and seek the path of self-denial.

What can we promise you? Plenty of hard work, disappointment, and disillusion; probably some slander and misrepresentation, but with it a clear conscience for the softest pill to rest upon, and the smile of God for the brightest lamp to light your way in dark days. With ingratitude and hardships you will gain a spiritual family of souls born into the Kingdom of Heaven through your toil and suffering, and a crown of glory in eternity.

Is it not Worth the While?

SOPH.

THE OLD MAN NOT DEAD

The Protesting Corps.

John Robertson, of Glasgow, used to tell a story which is well adapted to illustrate that the old man is not dead in the regenerated person. He said that a poor fellow in the Highlands, named Jamie, was taken sick and apparently died. Some of his friends, however, said there was too much warmth about his heart, and they insisted that he should not be buried. The undertaker was sent for, who pronounced him dead, and put the body in the coffin. Then the old doctor was summoned, who looked at his eye-balls and felt his pulse, and he also pronounced the man dead. Just then the corpse sat bolt upright in his coffin and stared around and said, "I am not dead!"

His wife, who sat beside him, replied: "Lie down, Jamie; lie down. Ye are dead. The doctor knows better than ye."

Net a few of the theological doctors pronounce the old man dead at conversion, but while they are talking about it, there are those who do not believe it. They are convinced that there is too much warmth around the heart—too many signs of life; and to the doctors' utter confusion, at a time they least expect it, up bolts the old man, bolt upright, and he will not lie down. No, the old man is not dead at conversion; but, thank God, we may have him completely destroyed by a second application of the Blood through the agony of the Holy Ghost.

True to the End.

Power to help gives power to him. In proportion as we are looked up to as setting a good example, are we likely to lend others in the wrong way if we turn aside from the safe course for us and for them. So long as one is recognized as an evil-doer, he is rather a warning than an example. But when one is considered a safe guide to follow, his every defection from the true path tends to turn others towards evil. Every stage of progress heavenward increases the responsibility of the traveler as a leader and a guide. We need God's help in being true every step of the way to the end. As we are near to God ourselves, we may harm others by our failure to be true to God. Just because we are looked up to, we need to be extra careful to be and to do right.

Enthusiasm.

Montaigne's constant recommendation was to do all one undertook with enthusiasm. "Without it," he said, "your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is the one secret of success. It blinds us to the criticisms of the world, which so often damp our very earliest efforts; it makes us alive to one single object—that which we are working at—and fills us not with the desire only, but with the resolve of doing well whatever is occupying our attention."

The G

"One of the Women
Council—A F
Nine P

The General's Paris revelation of possibilities latent to every heart in the under the burdens and war, and a clear, undistorted object-lesson of the for France, and of salvation, and of the plain, direct methods of the Salvation

Let us, in this introduction two incidents from a book firm this statement. A has not, to say the least, a friend of the General present at three of the knows Paris well, the up forlorn struggles of eva and the difficulty of expect to listen to religious talk of summer. The crowd of The Divine influence mo The fearless, soul-cutting of sin by the General said, "This is one of the century!" And to testif and sincerity of his conviction the General to accept Ed did not believe him.

A French military ge conclusion of a meeting of God was manifested in of souls, went up to the tendered his salutations o spect, his eyes and face the gnash of a strong, c "General," he said, "you Englishman; you are a long to humanity?"

Tray, believe for France signs of rain, and the mit devoted officers—from the to the last recruit—are p all lengths in spreading n the Kingdom of God.

A PARISIAN SUNDAY

The Horticultural Hall Stand by this pillar a watch a Parisian crowd in a prison gown in a then pennants, followed by a P who make for the platform lish soldiers, please copy entreaties, with shining hel ing of plumes, followed l doctor, a well-known min ion; whilst the crowd p crosses, being made up of "conditions" of men, who some join, with bowed h Brigadier Peyron's impas to the throne.

Mrs. Major Chatelet's ing song is finished; the and highly-devoted panti ten, for the crowd is d rieh wine poured forth by General, fresh and new ches of his heart, and l he his cup-bearer and late idler Roussel.

A HUNGRY PEOPLE

The General's life-theuc lect—"Salvation—salvation tion on the spot. Immedi delay. Come over now—I quick, to the side of God. This is the only time you may be in eternity to-igh drive people up to a point General. Do the French run out as soon as the p begins? I will watch. Oh, This is a hungry people thirsty souls, and they c Armeé du Salut because real want. So they stop, th the saints out of love, th out of longing, the sinners all because their souls want there are four volunteers a a broken-hearted woman, Peyron, as Brigadier Law bearer, fanning the fires i

The General in Paris.

"One of the Wonders of the Century"—200 Officers Meet for Council—A French General on Our General—Eighty-Nine Penitents Find Salvation "Lessons from My Life."

The General's Paris campaign was a revelation of possibilities, an encouragement to every heart inclined to faint under the burdens and reverses of the war, and a clear, unmistakable, up-to-date object-lesson of the fitness of Christ for France, and of salvation for the sinner, aid of the plain, direct, and definite methods of the Salvation Army.

Let us, in this introduction, extract two incidents from a heap which confirm this statement. A gentleman who has not, to say the least, always been a friend of the Salvation Army, was present at three of the meetings. He knows Paris well, the uphill and almost forlorn struggles of evangelistic effort, and the difficulty of expecting Parisians to listen to religious talk in the height of summer. The crowds amazed him. The Divine influence moved his heart. The fearless, soul-cutting denunciations of sin by the General made him exclaim, "This is one of the wonders of the century." And to testify to the depth and sincerity of his convictions, he asked the General to accept £100 for our Indian Relief Fund!

A French military general, at the conclusion of a meeting when the power of God was manifested in the salvation of souls, went up to the General and tendered his salutations of love and respect, his eyes and face beaming with the glow of a strong, emotional nature. "General," he said, "you are not an Englishman; you are a man; you belong to humanity!"

Pray, believe for France. There are signs of rain, and the united, loyal, and devoted officers—from the Commissioner to the last recruit—are pledged to go all lengths in spreading and fighting for the Kingdom of God.

A PARISIAN SUNDAY CROWD.

The Horticultural Hall is fast filling. Stood by this pillar a moment and watch a Parisian crowd pass by. Now a prince goes by; then a group of peasants, followed by a French general, who is accompanied by his Salvationist daughter; Salvationists in uniform next, who make for the platform at once (English soldiers, please copy); then a carter, with shining helmet and waving of plume, followed by a leading doctor, a well-known minister of religion; whilst the crowd gradually increases, being made up of "all sorts and conditions" of men, who listen, and some join, with bowed heads, in Mrs. Brigadier Peyron's impassioned prayer to the throne.

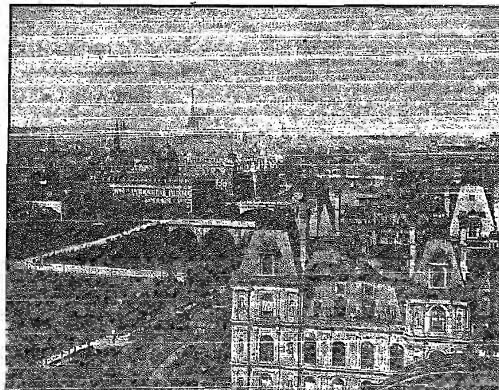
A HUNGRY PEOPLE.

The General's life-theme is his subject—"Salvation—salvation now—salvation on the spot. Immediate action—no delay. Come over now—quickly, quickly, to the side of God. I invite you. This is the only time you have; you may be in eternity to-night. I like to drive people up to a point." Thus the General. Do the French get up and run out as soon as the prayer meeting begins? I will watch. Oh, no; oh, no! This is a hungry people; these are thirsty souls, and they come to the Armees du Salut because they are in real want. So they stop, these French—the saints out of love, the retrogrades out of longing, the sinners for fear, and all because their souls want God. See! there are four volunteers already, led by a broken-hearted woman. Brigadier Peyron, as Brigadier Lawley's armor-bearer, fanning the fires into a flame,

until—having seen the fourteenth out—we hurry away to tea, returning to see the day's fight out to the finish.

LIGHTNING TRUTHS.

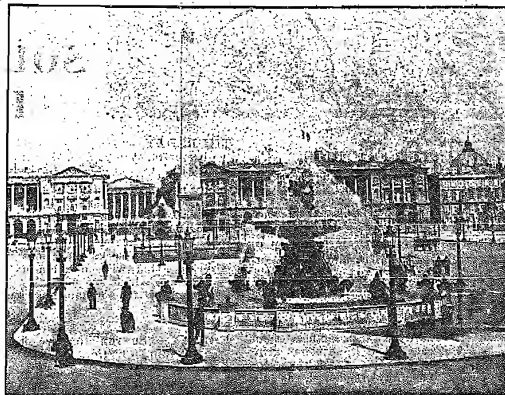
It is a Sunday night in Paris. Does the English reader know what that means? All Paris is astir, in street and boulevard; it is a heavy day for the railways; innumerable lines of carriages and train-cars follow each other through the city; while great surging crowds flock towards the Exhibition, and cafe, and theatre, and opera; each ply their roaring trade. Yes, it is Sunday night in Paris. But we turn aside to gather with yet another crowd, some of whom, in bonnet and jersey, wear the beautiful legend, "L'Armees du Salut." It is the Horticultural Hall, with guardroom-guarded doorways. Hardly has the applause occasioned by the entrance of the General died away, before Commissioner Hellberg is giving out the opening canticle. Holy voices are blending, now rising, now falling in sweet cadence, or swelling out loud and clear, with power and fervor with Divine enthusiasm, singing with heart and soul and voice as only the French know how; and then settling down in their



PANORAMA OF PARIS.

AN INFLUENTIAL AUDIENCE.

Monday night. The two Officers' Councils are over, and it is the public's turn next. The General is to give "Lessons from my life" at the Horticultural Hall, and an appreciative audience is assembling. French people are alike, intelligent to a high degree; they understand and take in instantly what is said. Therefore, when the opening song, "Oh, boundless salvation!" was given out, it was sung with such spirit as only French people can put into it. Brigadier Peyron leading the singing with all the fervor and enthusiasm possible; then, lifting up his hands to heaven, he invoked a blessing on the General. And God heard and answered by fire; for, after Capt. Mousseaux sang, the General kept the audience's attention from start to finish. The crowd was made up—indeed, all the other crowds had been—of representatives of nearly all classes of society, even including a Roman Catholic Priest, one of a Parisian church, who had been induced to attend through a talk he had with one of our officers at our Kiosk at the Exhibition. Yes, it was a fine lecture, and the General had great liberty; but it was reserved for Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg to put that finishing touch to



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

girl, who came out last November at the General's meeting in the Agricultural Hall for salvation, now offering herself to be an officer and seeking the blessing of sanctification; while near her, kneeling together and weeping bitter tears of contrition, are a man and his wife—both Catholics.

It is over—Sunday in Paris—but somewhere in the vast population there are eighty-nine hearts who bless God for life and liberty as the result of the visit to Paris, this week-end, of our beloved General.

the meeting for which Parisians are so noted, for as the General passed into his room, Mrs. Booth-Hellberg stepped up to her father and General and kissed him.

WHAT IS FAITH?

ANSWERS BY GREAT MEN.

- The instinct of trust in the Invisible.—H. R. Havelle.
- The act of the whole man.—Lathard.
- The loveliest object in the kingdom of mind.—Meinel.
- The gift of God which is the root of the virtues.—Ruskin.
- The pencil of the soul, which pictures heavenly things.—Burbridge.
- The door whereby we enter into the house of God.—Erasmus.
- The bellows to kindle in us the sacred flames of love.—Baxter.
- A lark, joyously bubbling in the streaming splendor of the firmament.—Krumpholtz.
- The enclosed inner eye, which adapts to itself the form of God the Redeemer.—Neitzsch.
- A plant that can grow in the shade; a grace that can find the way to heaven in a dark night.—An Old Divine.
- In the highest degree the peculiar gift of elevated characters, of noble spirits, and the source of whatever in the world bears the impress of greatness.—Vinet.

The soul itself in desire, in intense aim, in act; conscious of its own nothingness, conscious of its need of leaning on another, goes forth towards an object presented to it, in which, for which to live.—Canon Carter.

The bond which holds together the family and society, Church and State, and the only one which places man in communion with his Maker. The only homage worthy of Him which the insignificant creature can bring to the holy and true God.—Van Oosterzee.

That power attractive which, by a strong and divine sympathy, draws down the virtue of heaven into the souls of men, which strongly and forcibly moves the souls of good men into a conjunction with that divine goodness by which it lives and grows.—John Smith.

Character is Christlikeness; and he is most Christlike who forgets himself in doing good, as he has opportunity, unto all men.



OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE.



Terse Topics.

HEALTH A DUTY.

We believe that health is a duty to a man. God desires that we should enjoy health, and therefore it is our duty to preserve it, to guard it, and, when lost, to diligently seek it. Someone has said, "A fence at the top of the precipice is better than an ambulance at the bottom." This is true of health; it is easier to guard against sickness than to expel disease when it once has gripped the human body. A healthy, sensible diet, carefully regulated, as observation of one's digestion teaches, regular habits, fresh air and light, with pure water, and a cheerful, trusting spirit, are the essentials of good health. If there are no inherited diseases in the system, a healthy body, clean blood, and a cool head are able to ward off or overcome and expel any disease germs that master a body whose upbuilding and preservation has been neglected. Many a man takes better care of a dollar tool than of his body, the masterpiece of the Creator, and the finest and delicately-adjusted machinery of the mind and soul. The duty of keeping healthy need not become a task, or consume time required for other duties. It takes less time to be healthy, and allows better and longer hours of real, telling work for God than will take to mend bad health, and to prop up a broken and ruined constitution, besides being less expensive.

Weekly Ammunition

SUNDAY.—"Those that seek Me early shall find Me."—Prov. viii. 17.

There is great strength in early communion with God. When the soul awakes to consciousness in the body, in the early morning is the best time and the quickest way to find God. The mind has not rivetted itself to the problems of life, the daily task, or the sorrows of yesterday, and it does not require a wearying effort to free itself from the entanglements of business and care. God is found quickly and His blessing will be upon us through the day.

MONDAY.—"The spirit of truth . . . shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."—John xvi. 13.

The Spirit of Truth, which is the Holy Spirit, is ever ready to show unto us the inward meaning of the teachings of Christ. There are no hard things to solve to the soul who walks in the light of God, for as we walk, so will the Holy Spirit teach us what we need to understand for the next step. He will lead us into all truth, not bring the solution of every question of ours to us.

TUESDAY.—"Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you."—Rom. viii. 10.

To be in the Spirit means to exist in the Spirit, and manage one's life from a spiritual point of view, and such alone is the true life. To be in the flesh means that the body, with its desires and passions, has subdued the spirit, and made it a slave to the grosser existence, and such life is the life of spiritual decay.

WEDNESDAY.—"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."—Rom. viii. 26.

For our sins we receive chastisement, for our infirmities succour. Wrongs must be atoned for, infirmities will be aided. What we CAN do, that God will expect us to perform, and to expand our capabilities; but what we are unable to do, or can do but crudely, the Holy Spirit will be ours to guide and assist us. So, indeed, God educates His children from babyhood to manhood in Christ.

THURSDAY.—"For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery."—1 Cor. ii. 25.

Life is full of mysteries. Many questionings arise within us daily. There is a difference between the questionings of a trusting soul, eager to learn for the sake of better service, and the idle curiosity which seeks sensations in discoveries. God will enlighten us about such things which are necessary for us to understand for our happiness and usefulness.

FRIDAY.—"So run that ye may obtain."—1 Cor. ix. 24.

A good soldier must know how to run to an attack—run to gain a point of vantage for God—run to occupy a post of duty when the enemy entrenches himself. It is not sufficient to run with others, but we are to run with a purpose in view, and in the endeavor to win the prize of the race. There is much food for thought in that passage, much incentive to discouraged and flagging souls. Arouse yourself, exert yourself and behold the prize staked before your vision. It is worth to forsake the lesser values of life for the value of that priceless gift to be secured.

SATURDAY.—"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—1 Cor. ix. 25.

The excess of anything is to be avoided. There are many things that are helpful and legitimate, but the excess of such is sin. Eating is necessary to physical life, but its excessive indulgence is gluttony, one of the most repulsive of sins. The reading of good literature is an excellent thing for the mind, storing it with useful knowledge. Excessive reading causes mental dyspepsia, clogs the mind and bewilders reason and judgment. Temperance in all things is the golden rule of life.

The Week's Lesson

SAMSON.

During the past three or four weeks we have been studying the life of a great man, whose name is Samson. We have learned many interesting things about him. He killed a lion without any weapon. He carried away two very large gates, to the top of a high hill. He caught a host of foxes without traps, and used them to set the cornfields of the Philistines on fire; and many other things he did in the strength of God. To-day we learn of the darkest side of his experience—his sore temptation, how he backslid, and how he died.

Samson's Temptation.

When we meet very strong men and women who are working for God, we seldom, if ever, think that they would backslide; but some of the very strongest, and the very best of God's people have fallen. So it was with Samson; he yielded to temptation and fell.

There is no sin in being tempted, and God will not be angry with us who are tempted; but if we yield to temptation, then God is angry with us. The sin is in the yielding.

Samson, the Backslider.

God says, "The way of the transgressor is hard." Samson found it so. After he gave way to Delilah the secret of his strength, the secret charge which God entrusted him to keep, his sorrows began—he was taken a prisoner by his enemies, the Philistines.

His eyes were put out—how painful this must have been—the devil blinds his followers. Before Samson lost his strength he had his liberty and could walk just where he chose, but now he was bound with chains and was blind.

While in prison he had to work hard, and no doubt thought often over what had happened, and realizing how he had grieved God and brought disgrace upon His people, and sorrow to his own heart,

he knelt in prayer and pleaded with God, Who is merciful and forgiving.

Samson's Death.

It was noised abroad that Samson was captured, and a day was set when a great feast would be held in the Philistines' huge temple. Songs of praise were to be sung to "Dagon," their God, for helping them to capture Samson, who was to make sport for the crowd. Some backsliders, when away from God, do all they can and say all they can against God and His people; but Samson was anxious to regain his strength to fight another battle for God, and it needs be to die in the same, and God heard his prayer.

The people came in thousands to that great hall, until every seat was occupied. The windows and porches were crowded and the flat roof that was arranged so the people could see down upon the banquet. The court was crowded with hundreds of curious men and women. In the midst of their glee blind Samson was led out by a little boy. Before his capture no man could hold him. True people were expecting sport, but Samson could not take that part in such a gathering. He bowed his head in prayer, and grabbed the huge pillars of the entrance. Then what crashing, what screaming, what terrible anguish followed! Only a few moments and all was over. Thousands were dead in the ruins, among whom was God's prodigal, but pardoned, son, Samson.

His last victory was the greatest of his life.

So may it be with us. We can each, if we live faithful to God, die a death which wins greater triumphs for God than all our life, or completes and seals the work done for God in life.—E. B.

BEWARE!

Of suggestions of distrust—of others. Of suspicions of a brother's motives. Of the tendency to withdraw from those whom you think do not appreciate you.

Of losing hope for others. Of thinking you have done enough for anybody.

Of getting impatient with anybody's blindness or short-sightedness. Of convincing everybody to perdition that does not fellowship with you.

Of standing on your dignity. Of forgetting your own faults while faithfully finding those of others.

Of forcing providence. Of following your own understanding. Of lagging behind the Spirit.

Of taking things out of God's hands. Of fussiness, foolishness, and fanaticism.

Why Useful Men Die.

It is as instrumentalities that God uses men for the accomplishment of His purpose. No man can escape this by lowering his standards, or his character, or even by disowning God. Ahazuerus and Haman play their part in God's providence as well as do Esther and Mordecai. We often wonder why God calls away a faithful servant from this world when he appears to be working so effectively. But if there were no other reasons, it is reason enough that God's work depends upon no one man alone. Our vision is so circumscribed that the removals by death astonish us. If our view were larger, we should see that the Divine plan is too all-embracing to rest upon one life for its continuance. If a "useful man" were sure to live on indefinitely because of his useful needs, how much smaller our views of God and eternity would become! And then how much smaller we too should become!

An empty kettle never leaks; and many a man obtains a reputation for virtue simply because he has never been exposed to temptation.

What a Soldier Should Know

Beware of Discouragement.

Having commenced to work, he should beware of discouragements. To be depressed or feel incapable, to think that he has made a fool of himself when he has prayed, or sung, or spoken, are all feelings quite common in the most successful soldiers when they first commence the fight, and with very many this is oftentimes the case, even when they have been engaged a long time in it. What would the devil be doing if he did not seek to dishearten a soldier, especially at the very beginning of the war, and particularly if he sees he is likely to do his kingdom harm?

An Imperfect Judge.

When discouraged, he should amongst other things, remember that he must of necessity be a very imperfect judge of his own doings. The sportsman cannot tell whether his shot has hit the bird he aimed at half as well as the bird itself. Neither can he measure the effect of the words he has spoken, the prayer he has offered, or the song he has sung. They may all have seemed to him like wind, whereas he may have made a wound in some poor sinner's heart that he will never be able to get healed until he finds the Saviour.

Don't Seek Signs.

As a rule, seeking signs to indicate whether God wants him to do a thing or not is very unwise. That bargaining with the Lord cannot be acceptable to Him who says, "If I have liberty, or if souls are saved, I will conclude that the Lord wants me to do this or that." It is often utterly impossible for him to judge of the usefulness of a meeting by results that he can see. He should be content with the consciousness of having done his best under the circumstances. Remember that this is all that God requires, and that angels could not do more.

Remember Perseverance.

He must not forget that many of God's most successful workers have made lamentable commencements. Many preachers have afterwards led multitudes to Christ, who, when they first started, were perfect failures, and were never expected to accomplish anything at all. He should always remember that perseverance is all but a condition to bring improvement, and finally success.

Keep a Steady Aim.

He should keep his aim right. In all his prayers and addresses, singings and schemings, he should aim at pleasing God and benefiting men. This will keep everything else right. He cannot go far astray in anything he does while he is mastered by a supreme desire to save the souls of men. If this purpose gets fairly hold of his spirit, it will call forth all his talents, give him boldness and courage, find him something to say, and help him to say it with the most forcible effect.

Magnify Your Opportunity.

He should magnify his opportunities. No other organization on the face of the earth has such wonderful chances for working for the Master. Uneducated men, delicate, timid, nervous women and even the little children, can testify of the grace they have received, sing of the salvation of God, and by their work and conversation command attention from thousands of people to the things that concern the Kingdom of Heaven, whom high-placed ministers are unable to reach.

Mix Everything with Faith.

He should bring faith into everything; continually encouraging himself with the recollection that God is with him in all he says and does. He must have faith in God, and always live and act so that he can ever believe in himself.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

About Husbands: Their Privileges and Duties.

RESPONSIBILITIES.

(Continued.)

EQUALITY.

4. THE HUSBAND MUST REGARD HIS WIFE AS A BEING OF EQUAL VALUE WITH HIMSELF, AND TREAT HER ACCORDINGLY. The difficulties which numbers of husbands experience commence in their intercourse with their wives. They don't accept the real equality of the woman with themselves. They are taught the contrary from their youth up. They learn it from servants, and sometimes silly mothers will convey the idea, by their partiality, and by more favored education and attention, that boys are superior to girls. The idea is commonly seconded by companions at school, in the playground, and openly asserted by their associates in after life. Unfortunately, the women accept the idea, because they don't know better, or because their natural meekness, or to please and carry favor with the men, and so married life begins by basing itself on that fallacy.

It is a fraud perpetrated on the sex, and works badly. Many a woman, in her secret soul knows that, although she may be different from her husband, and inferior to him in some particulars, she is as good as being as he is, and perhaps, in the nobler traits of character, vastly his superior; yet she has to submit to his domination on this false and hollow plea.

A wife may, and often, as we have said, does, differ very widely from her husband; but differing, as she may do, in some particular faculties does not necessarily imply inferiority as a whole. Do not men differ from men? Will any two men whom you meet as you pass along the city street be alike in body, mind, and brain? Of course not! But no one argues that this difference supposes that one part of the people must be inferior to the other. The difference between husband and wife will not be greater than that which we usually find in men.

SOME DIFFERENCES.

There are differences, of course, between the man and the wife. For instance, the husband will ordinarily excel the wife in physical force. He will beat her at filling a coal-wagon, digging a hole, or rowing a boat. He has power to endure cold or heat, and, if he is going to say, to suffer pain; but, if I had made the latter statement it would certainly have been a mistake, for in this respect woman is unquestionably his master; and even his superiority in some of the physical faculties we have noticed is largely the result of training and exercise.

The husband will emotionally exalt the wife mentally or emotionally; but here again, superiority in these faculties does not prove her to be an inferior being. On the contrary, go back to the beginning and give her the same opportunities as he has had, and she will not be far behind even in these respects; anyway, I am prepared to contend that, take her altogether, when she has a cell less in her brain than her husband, she will have a fibre more in her heart, and when she has a fibre less in her heart she will have a cell more in her brain.

Now, I urge husbands to avoid making a wrong start on this question, and then they will avoid the mistake in the intercourse that follows. Say to your wife, "Now, then, come, we will start fair. Ours is on an equal partnership. We will go in for equality sharing the

duties and responsibilities of our position, as we are equally constituted for filling our own particular part."

KEEPING UP THE LITTLE ATTENTIONS.

5. THE HUSBAND IS RESPONSIBLE FOR GIVING HIS WIFE, IN THE HOME, A POSITION ANSWERING TO THIS EQUALITY. He should be at some trouble to pay her respect worthy of the relations in which she stands to him. If she is a part of him, let him treat her as he would like others to treat him. He should be careful to keep up all those little attentions with which he was proud to favor her before marriage. Then he was ever ready to run, and fetch, and carry for her. Whether it was the cloak she had left upstairs, or the book she had lost, or the paper that had slipped from her fingers, he was there ready and willing to minister to her in those attentions, which, while seemingly trifling in themselves, nevertheless had much to do with the affection she returned, and the respect in which she was held by those around about.

If those attentions were good things, they are equally so to-day. Do not stop until moved by some involuntary impulse to render them. Make it your duty, however you may feel about them, and it will become your pleasure in the long run. And when the family comes along, such respectful treatment will tell upon them. The rude, familiar treatment which some children render to their mother disgusts me when I am called to witness it, not only from a feeling of sympathy with the mother but as indicating what may be expected, with interest, from them in after years. While for his I am aware that the indulgent mother will often be largely to blame, yet I am equally sure that it can as frequently be traced to the husband himself. The children note the father's graces, and the want of those little compliments in his dealings with their mother that would make it almost as pleasant for her to serve as to be served, and are ready enough to imitate him.

Alas! how common it is to hear a father all honey and smiles in his conversation with the stranger within his gates, expending on him an overflowing amount of grateful acknowledgment for any trifling favors, while he allows his wife to toil for his comfort from morn till night, without once saying, "If you please," or "Thank you." Such seed-sowing in their presence is sure to produce a harvest of discord, sorrow, and in some cases the total decline of all heart-affection for one another, and in others separation.

The Worm Theory.

By R. P.

Unfortunately for the progress of Christianity in the world to-day, it is frequently presented to the masses in a most unattractive aspect by many Christians, who are everlastingly found indulging in the "worm theory." Their most congenial service seems to lie in manufacturing for themselves terms indicative of the very lowest grade of Christian experience—they are only poor worms of the earth, poor miserable sinners, and they are that all the time, with no hopeful prospect of ever rising above that plane of experience. Like leeches in the religious community, their influence is cold enough to "freeze the genial current of the soul," and make the pulse of religious life stand still. "Oh," they say, "we must be very humble, for we are very sinful, and vile, and deceitful; we cannot measure the depravity of the human heart, and therefore we cannot know our own sinfulness," and then if they can groan, or roll out some words of self-abhorrence, it is all right. Everything depends upon the length of the face, and the sanctimoniousness of its expression.

They never forget—like "miserable comforters"—

To Open Up the "Old Sore."

Whenever they have an opportunity, but from some cause or other, they are very careful to say but very little about the "wondrous cure." They forget that they virtually discount and cast suspicion on the infinite love, and mercy, and power of the world's Redeemer. Who accepts the vilest sinner that comes to Him, all filthy and begrimed with sin, and transforms him into the brightest hallelujah saint. They seem to forget all about the divine words of admonition—"What God hath cleansed, call thou not common or unclean," and with an affected air of humility, they call themselves the unworthiest of the unworthy, while if some other person dared to impugn their good reputation, it would be at the risk of inviting a thunderstorm of wrath. They talk as if humility was a mere sentiment of the mind, instead of being a dispensation of the heart, and as if it were made up, for the emergency, of humiliating confessions of depravity, and menly-mouthed Christian testimony. I presume that nobody will deny that the three young men, who nobly stood their ground, and flung back in his teeth the challenge of the King of Babylon, were the humblest young men in that city—courteous, polite and obedient, so far as truth would justify them, without that squeamishness and much humility which frequently makes religion a more travesty—a mere jelly-fish kind of thing, without back-bone or jaw-bone—two most indispensable things in the Christian warfare.

What is Humility, Anyway?

It is not a sentiment—it is not made up of religious attitudes and humiliating confessions, coming only from the lips; but it is a disposition of the heart—a principle that is compatible with the grandest profession of faith, and the most unrestricted and fearless expressions of fidelity. The professor who is wedded and welded to his worm-theory, must have others to be his most abject disciples, of course, in order to be a real happy person. When he groans, they must groan in response, and if they should inadvertently ejaculate a real good hallelujah, why, it would hurt awfully. It would be very much like striking a wrong note in music, to a sensitive ear, and the peculiar sensation would be something like a "broken tooth or a foot out of joint." A good Christian recently prayed—"Lord, keep me humble!—Keep me down at Thy feet, Lord!—down, down, down in the very dust—only just my eyebrows above the dust." That person's heart was right, and, while he was praying, God not only lifted him out of the dust, but lifted him to Pisgah's top, and revisited his soul with a faith view of the "land that is fairer than day," while he shouted "Glory, glory, glory!" God did not want His servant to be in a position where the dust would be likely to roll into his eyes, and blind him to faith's transcendent vision.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon once found out his mistake. A person entered his prayer service, and starting to pray, said: "O Lord, give me Mary's place—"

"Oh, that I might forever sit With Mary at my Master's feet, And learn of Him."

He went on, his faith growing stronger and soaring higher, until suddenly he broke out and said, "No, my Master, I have not asked enough of Thee. Mary's place is too low for me, if I may have a higher. Lift me up, Lord. Lift me up; give me John's place—"

"Oh, that I might, with favored John, Forever lean my head upon The bosom of my Lord."

Mr. Spurgeon was surprised, and said to himself, "Surely you have now asked enough." But the man soared away in the wings of faith, and said, "Lord, John's place doth not suffice me; Thou hast lifted me from Thy feet to Thy bosom, now lift me from Thy bosom to Thy lips," and then quoting the words of the spouse in the Canticles, he said, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His lips, for Thy love is better than wine." "Let the lips of my petition meet the lips of Thy benediction—let the lips of my praise meet the lips of Thy acceptance, so shall the kiss be consummated and my joy be complete." When Aunt Sally got in the blues she told the visiting parson that there was one passage of Scripture that always consoled

her heart, brought her nearer the throne, and nerved her for the trials to come. "And what is that, Aunt Sally?" said the Dominie. "Well, sir," said she, "I don't know just whether it's in the Psalms or Proverbs where 'tis said,

"Gird and Bear It."

Aunt Sally was somewhat astray in her theology, but her idea was as good as the modern idea of some of our professional theologians. They seem not to recognize Apostolic injunctions, while the undertone of pessimism is marked all through their platform ministrations. Away with such religious pessimism—such staid, fruitless, juiceless, barren, effete doctrine. Better have the place filled with "explosive glory" than with dry bones, such as Ezekiel saw in his vision. There is no room for pessimism in the Christian profession, if Christians meet God's conditions. God will ignore His own great fixed laws, if it be necessary, to meet the conditions of the faith of those who trust in Him, and give them the victory over human circumstances.

"To the law and to the testimony." "Quit you like men, be strong." "Stand fast in the faith." "Hold fast the profession of your faith without wavering." "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice." "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Jerusalem, for Great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

TO BE REMEMBERED ABOUT INDIA.

That India has been occupied, with always-increasing territory, by Great Britain since the first charter of the East India Company, in 1600.

That India has 688 native sovereignities.

That Queen Victoria became Empress of India in 1858, and that she delegates her rulership to 3,500 English gentlemen, 1,000 civilians, and 500 officers, who constitute the imperial service.

That the story of modern India begins with the suppression of the mutiny in 1857.

That the population of India is 275,000,000, of which 140,000,000 are women, and of these women 22,700,000 are widows.

That in India no less than 81 distinct languages exist, of which the Hindu language is spoken by 85,000,000.

That in the religious of India the Brahmins are represented by 200,000,000, the Mohammedans by 50,000,000, the Buddhists by 7,000,000, the Christians by 2,500,000, and the Parsees by 100,000.

That the sacred books of the Brahmins are the Vedas; of the Mohammedans, the Koran; of the Buddhists, the Tripitaka; of the Christians, the Holy Bible; of the Parsees, the Zend-Avesta.

That the great Indian epics are the Ramayana and the Mahabharata.

That in 1897 two hundred native newspapers were published in India.

That English education was introduced into India by Mr. Charles Grant, of the East India Company, in 1797, and the first grant made by the British Parliament was in 1813. That there are 300,000 pupils in mission evangelist schools.

That the occupation of the people of India is land culture, 86 per cent. of the people being engaged as farmers, whose average income is \$32 a year.—Woman's Exchange.

Our Plans Wisely Wrecked.

God's plans for us are so much larger than our own, that the two naturally come into collision. Our plans may include the ease and comfort of doing what we like best. God's plans value our ease and comfort but little, and our growth in goodness and usefulness a great deal. So He wrecks the best plans we have made for ourselves, drives us out to new fights, constrains us to new efforts. Meanwhile we mourn over the wreck of our lives, forgetting that life is not the gathering of pleasant surroundings, but the outpouring of efforts and affection for others. It takes time to see what He would have us achieve; but, when we do see, we find it some better good than we had dreamt of.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Cadet M. McKim, St. John, N. B., Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Canaan, N. B.

Cadet White, St. John, N. B., Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Sussex, N. B.

Cadet W. Fraser, St. John, N. B., Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Hampton, N. B.

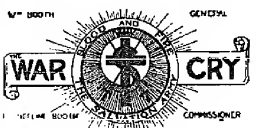
APPOINTMENTS—

ADJ. TURPIN, from furlough, to be assistant at St. John, Nfld., P. H. Q., under Brigadier Sharp.

ENSIGN GAMBLE, of Wallaceburg to Guelph.

ENSIGN CRAWFORD, of Woodstock, to Galt.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



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The Commissioner's illness.

We exceedingly regret to announce that our beloved and devoted leader, the Commissioner, has again been, very low. The recent hot spell of weather, together with the incessant attention paid to urgent business affairs, has told disastrously upon the Commissioner, compelling her, though reluctantly, to cancel her Ottawa meetings. Skilful medical treatment is administered, but at present no satisfactory progress can be reported.

We are confident that all comrades and friends will unite in prayer to beseech the Throne of Mercy on behalf of a speedy recuperation of the Commissioner's health.

Personal Notes.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. Major Horn has been able to leave the Hospital, and is now satisfactorily progressing at her home.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Archibald, who for seven years had been suffering more or less with greatly impaired health, has entered Grace Hospital for an operation which medical examination considered advisable. Will our readers remember her in their prayers?

An unfortunate accident happened to Mrs. Staff-Capt. Stanbury recently, on her return from a visit to the Commissioner, who is ill. She was returning in the Commissioner's rig, with her baby girl and two other ladies, at night, and when passing a rather dark part of Yonge Street, a street car, without warning, came crashing into the rig from behind. One lady jumped at the moment of the collision, and was severely bruised, while Mrs. Stanbury was struck on the back of the head, inflicting an ugly wound. The doctor, which the street car company sent at once, is unable to tell the exact extent of the injury, but believes that there are no internal injuries. The baby escaped without a scratch.

Notes from the Commissioner's Desk.

"I am perfectly delighted with the Children's Shelter and its management," said the Commissioner when returning from a visit to the Evangeline House for Children.

Mrs. Crocker is very considerate of her charges, and I believe a whole lot of the twenty-seven darlings as her own family. At any rate, she would not look after her very own with great devotion. Just think, she bathed every one of those twenty-seven little ones four and five times a day during the hot spell, and brought them through that trying season without one of them being sick, at a time when the mortality among the children in the city was the greatest in forty years. And the Commissioner's face lit up, and her voice grew enthusiastic as she described the pleasure of the children at her visit, their clean appearance and the motherly care of the Matron.

On Thursday morning we visited the Farm. Adj. Myles and Ensign Collett received the Commissioner most cordially, and were very considerate in looking after the comfort of the Commissioner, who was still very poorly. An old soldier and renowned War Cry hoaner of Lippincott corps, who was employed in washing the bedding in the Men's House, with heating face came forward at the Commissioner's call and shook hands with her. While resting a few minutes at the farm house, she called the same soldier in to have a few words with her about her work and her own welfare. Upon hearing that our sister sold a considerable number of War Crys every week, Commissioner purchased a dozen War Crys for the latter purpose from our comrade. When Mrs. Rowcock came out her face was all smiles and her work seemed ever so much easier.

Then the Commissioner inspected the improvements and alterations which were made at her wish to better provide for the discharged prisoners who seek the assistance of the Army. The Men's House has been thoroughly and economically altered. The east half, which is for the unemployed poor, to whom we give temporary employment, has been divided into living and dining room downstairs, and a large bed-room upstairs. The western half, which is set apart for discharged prisoners, comprises a fine, large reading room, which is also to be used for school and meeting purposes. The large upstairs has been divided by lath and plaster partitions into six clean and cozy dormitories, large enough to accommodate a bed, table, chair, and locker. When completed, these dormitories will be kalamined, and, having a separate door, can be locked and kept private by each inmate.

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THE WEEK.

September 4th, 1900.

THE CHINESE SITUATION.

There has been little change in the solving of the Chinese problem. The Dowager Empress and the Emperor are still at large. The city of Peking is divided into districts, which are patrolled and guarded, each by one of the nations composing the allied troops. The British and American signal corps have completed the telegraph line from Taku to Peking. Troops of Bersers and Chinese soldiers have been encountered near Peking by the allied patrols, but in most cases have been repulsed without much fighting. The Austrian Contingent has arrested Ching Li, the Perfection of Police, known for his complicity in the murder of the German Ambassador and the killing of other foreigners. Russia has proposed to withdraw her troops from Peking, but the other Powers are opposed to such a policy. Russian troops are still entering Man-

churia. In the centre a large corridor is to be used as a general string-room by the discharged prisoners. The Commissioner's face beamed with delight at the prospect of being able to supply such a desirable accumulation for the men. The prison aid work, which has so rapidly developed in Toronto, has very near her heart, and she has received many touching letters from friends of prisoners who have been helped by the Army.

Though the Commissioner's time was limited, on account of having to keep several appointments in the afternoon, yet she could not part from the farm without inspecting the five stock and the abundant harvest of grain. The barn indeed has been filled to the roof with golden sheaves of wheat and oats. The harvest is said, by many who have lived in that neighborhood, to be the best for twelve years that has been reaped off that piece of land. Adj. Myles' face wore a very generous smile when he led us up his packed barn.

The horses, cattle, pigs, and poultry prosper. Everything looked very prosperous. The stables presented a clean appearance; in fact, the farm shows a decided improvement in many respects. A beautiful, straight and strong woven wire fence (no barb wire, please) has been erected. One of the discharged prisoners was digging a drain for laying water pipes to supply the dairy from an excellent well, with clean water.

Ensign Collett had prepared a very nice dinner for Commissioner and party, after which our leader called in a few words of prayer and thanksgiving. That this was considered a prized privilege by officers and soldiers alike could readily be observed.

We ought to say a few words about the energetic and unflinching toil of Adj. Myles, who has most faithfully discharged his duty as Governor of the Farm since March, 1899.

The interests of the Army are ever his consideration, and he does not spare himself in promoting the interests of his charge.

We cannot avoid mentioning the following incident. Adj. Myles showed the Commissioner a box of puppies of an undoubted mixture of brown and black, which he defined as Collies, worth \$25 apiece. Your humble servant would scarcely have risked the investment of a twenty-five-cent piece for one of these, but the Adjutant assured us they would fetch cattle at the word of command before many weeks had passed. Of course the Adjutant ought to know, we don't. But we heartily wish, in the interests of the Army, that he will receive \$25 for the puppies, and that they will prove a profitable investment to the purchasers.

churia.—A number of foreigners relieved at Peking have been conducted by the Americans to Tien Tsin.—Russian, German, and Japanese troops are being continually pushed forward to Peking.—Yu, Governor of Shantung, boasts of having invited over fifty foreigners to seek his protection, and then murdered them.—Seventy missionaries from China have arrived at Vancouver, B. C.—Prince Ching, noted for his friendliness towards foreigners, is endeavoring to open negotiations for peace with the allied Powers.—The Empress Dowager had executed all her ministers who were friendly to foreigners just before the arrival of the allied troops at Peking.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The latest developments in the South African situation is Lord Roberts' proclamation of September 1st, declaring the South African Republic annexed to the British Empire, to be known hereafter as the Transvaal.—A commando of Boers have invested the British Garrison at Ladysburg, Orange River Colony, and it is feared the Garrison will have to

surrender. They have already burned their stores.—Lord Roberts is steadily advancing upon the last stronghold of the Transvaal troops. General Buller has captured Eersendal, which was reported to be a strong position. Many Boers and a pom-pom were taken.—Generals French and Baden-Powell have also advanced simultaneously, and General Buller has now occupied Middelburg.—The Boers are said to be trying to Lydenburg District, which on account of its mountainous formation, is almost impregnable.—All the British prisoners at Noodgedacht are at liberty; they numbered about one thousand.—The Strategical mounted troops took part in the taking of Middelburg.—Presidents Kruger and Steyn are reported to have gone to Barberton, and are believed to be preparing for flight.

NORTH AMERICAN NOTES.

The San Jose scale has been discovered on apple trees near London, Ont.—Lieut. Colonel Otter, in charge of the 1st Canadian Contingent in South Africa, has been promoted to full Colonelcy.—A fire in the Dominion Cotton Mill, at St. Anne, Quebec, caused a damage of \$300,000, worth of raw cotton, and a terrible wind and rain storm has passed over Manitoba and Assiniboia, causing enormous loss to farmers in the destruction of houses, barns, and stables.—A big fire in the lumber district of Montreal destroyed considerable property.—Large orders for the supplies of the British troops in China have been placed in Canada.—The U. S. Government is sending a transport to Cape Nome to bring back a number of destitute miners.—Over two thousand emigrants have arrived at Wanhsing during August.—Two miners were killed by a dynamite explosion at the Cordova Exploration Mines.—A great number of drowning accidents have been reported during the week.—The U. S. Ship "Oregon," which was wrecked in Chinese waters, has now been completely repaired.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

The Bubonic plague at Glasgow is spreading. There are now ninety-three cases under observation, and several deaths have resulted from it.—A number of Anarchists have been arrested on the charge of trying to kill the present Italian King.—The Council of Admirals in China has decided to hold Li Hung Chang on board ship until further developments.—Bresci, the Italian Anarchist who assassinated King Humbert, has been sentenced to life imprisonment, during which he will see no human face, not even that of the gaoler who will bring him food.—The strike of colliers and railway men in Wales is ended, the companies having conceded the demands of the men. Over fifty thousand men were on strike.—The Hamburg-American liner, "Deutschland," now holds the record for the Atlantic trip, both going east and west.—Typhoid fever is alarmingly increasing in Paris, due chiefly to impure water.—Great Britain has paid an indemnity of \$450,000 to German ship-owners, for detention of their vessels in South African waters.—Official reports show during the week ending August 25th, nearly eight thousand deaths from cholera in India, being a slight decrease on the previous week.—The situation between Bulgaria and Romania is still looking very serious. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria threatens to resign if war is declared.—A cyclone at Safford, has caused more damage than the seven months' siege during the war.

MEMORIAL SERVICES OF MRS.

PHILLIPS AT LONDON, ONT.

(Special.)

The memorial services of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips, in London, conducted by Major and Mrs. McMillan, were most impressive throughout the day. Hollowed meeting, 17 out for full salvation. Sunday night, Mrs. Phillips spoke the people were very much moved. The Major spoke very forcibly from Revelations, and as a result of the night's meeting, 28 reconverted themselves to service, and five came for salvation, making a total of 60 for the day.



On Sunday, August 26th, of the Staff will be at Had hundred Local Officers. a warm side for the Local

Mrs. Dowdle was present Chief's Staff Councils.

The General's weekend long, resulted in one hundred and ten souls at the Cross.

The Chief of the Staff has a new series of Headquarters meetings, with three sitting Snaday, in the W. Hall, Clapton. 170 officers of the Women's Social B. present.

The Indian Famine Fund 1. 11. Q. has realized up to over \$12,000, yet this is but a small portion of the

Market Rases is the in place in England which has shaken off ancient noxae, was summoned for obsequies holding an open-air, and flings and costs. The Captain pay the fine, and close to for two weeks instead.

INDIA

Men, women, and little children, from the streets of and laid on stretchers, quarters with such frequent comrades have come to daily occurrences with the as those that take place in course of things.

After being gathered together, poor, unfortunate creatures by bullock-cart to the Poor Dhukakote, where the total inmates at present amount figure than 2,000.

We have just taken into a little mite of about 12 men—upon whom our Swedish Ensign Nithaya Bains, lively motherly care and affection appear that the brother of brought her to us to save her starvation.

A party of 70 famine girls gathered together by us for age in the N. W. F. connected American Union Mission.

Regarding the number of Famine Relief, there has been fully a quarter of a million dia.

At Vansar, a few miles and where we have a District, some 4,000 people are of Famine Relief in the shape of a large tank, three miles ference.

SOUTH AFRICA

For some weeks now C. Kilbey has been anxious to to Johannesburg and Pretoria purpose of re-organizing of these towns, but permits to present unobtainable, he is compelled to wait awhile.

Commissioner Railton Marikane for a few days.

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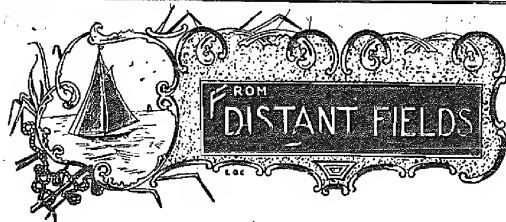
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On Sunday, August 20th, the Chief of the Staff will be at Hadleigh with two hundred Local Officers. The Chief has a warm side for the Locals.

Mrs. Dowdle was present at the Chief's Staff Councils.

The General's week-end at Clatham, Eng., resulted in one hundred and sixteen souls at the Cross.

The Chief of the Staff has commenced a new series of Headquarters Officers' meetings, with three sittings on a recent Sunday, in the Women's Social Hall, Clapton. 170 officers, mostly of the Women's Social Branch, were present.

The Indian Famine Fund opened by I. H. Q. has realized up to August 17th, over \$62,000, yet this is but sufficient to relieve a small portion of the great need.

Market Rasen is the name of some place in England which has not yet shaken off ancient usages. Capt. Norris was summoned for obstruction while holding an open-air, and fined ten shillings and costs. The Captain refused to pay the fine, and chose to go to prison for two weeks instead.



Men, women, and little children, picked up from the streets and wayides, and laid on stretchers, pass our Headquarters with such frequency, that our comrades have come to regard these daily occurrences with the same feeling as those that take place in the natural course of things.

After being gathered together, these poor, unfortunate creatures are sent on by bullock-cart to the Poor House, at Dhulakote, where the total number of inmates at present amount to no less a figure than 2,000.

We have just taken into our charge a little mite of about 12 months—a girl—upon whom our Swedish comrade, Erisa Nithaya Balala, lavishes all her motherly care and affection. It would appear that the brother of the little girl brought her to us to save her life from starvation.

A party of 70 famine girls are being gathered together by us for an orphanage in the N. W. F. connected with the American Union Mission.

Regarding the number of people on Famine Relief, there has been a rise of fully a quarter of a million all over India.

At Vassar, a few miles from Knira, and where we have a District Headquarters, some 4,000 people are employed on Famine Relief in the shape of excavation a large tank, three miles in circumference.



For some weeks now Commissioner Kilbey has been anxious to get away to Johannesburg and Pretoria, for the purpose of re-organizing our work in these towns, but permits being at the present unobtainable, he is reluctantly compelled to wait awhile.

Commissioner Bailton is visiting Mafeking for a few days.

Weekly meetings continue to be held at the Military Camp, in the Cape Town district, with encouraging results.

Eighteen souls in thirteen days is Adjutant Murray's latest record. Surely the N. and M. League is advancing right and left.



A record change of officers, numbering 680, and affecting 418 corps, has just taken place.

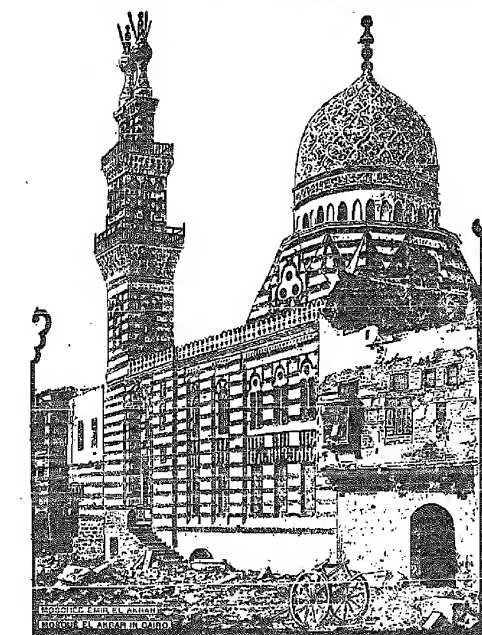
The Memorial Hall, Adelaide, is to undergo alterations.

The Commandant has on foot a scheme for aiding the furnishing of officers' quarters.

Our Australasian Social Institutions number 62, and include 8 Maternity Homes, 17 Rescue Homes, 2 Women's Shelters and Slum Posts, 3 Girls' Homes, 1 Children's Home, 1 Women's Food Depot, 2 Women's Industrial Colonies, 7 Prison-Gate Homes, 7 Men's Shelters, 2 Labor Yards, 6 Men's Food Depots, 3 Men's Industrial Colonies, 2 Boys' Homes, and 1 Old Men's Home.

Adj. Burgess has been appointed General Secretary for the Women's Social Work, under Mrs. Commandant Booth.

The Commandant has just conducted a series of Local Officers' and Soldiers' Councils in the city of Melbourne. They were times of marvelous blessing, instruction, and power. Similar gatherings are to be addressed by the Commandant at the various centres of the Territory.



MOSQUE EL AKBAR, CAIRO.

Sunday, August 12th, was set apart throughout the Territory as Indian Famine Sunday.



Japan has just concluded a three weeks' special campaign for souls, resulting in over 400 sinners at the Cross, a good increase in the soldiers' and recruits' roll, and the work receiving a good impetus.

A commodious and suitable premises has lately been secured for our Prison-Gate work in Tokyo. It has accommodation for about forty men.

A new Headquarters has also been secured. It is a three-storied building, very central, and well adapted for Salvation Army purposes.

The Soldiers' Home in Yokohama is extending its borders. The next house has been taken, in which has been fitted up extra bed-rooms, meeting room, bath-rooms, etc., etc. This will be a great boon to our naval lads, who appreciate the Home very much.



Weekly union prayer meetings on behalf of China's sad condition are being held in San Francisco. Fifty-one Christian Chinese and five Americans were present on the occasion of this meeting, being held in our hall.

Adj. Arkett's health still continues very unsatisfactory.

Comd. Mrs. Booth-Tucker is at last on the decided road to improvement. Up to last Sunday the sufferer made little or no progress. The doctor hopes that a few more weeks will fully restore her.

Colonel Higgins, accompanied by Lt. Colonel French, conducted week-end meetings at Old Orchard Camp.

A new five-cent Song Book has been issued by the Commander, and is considered a "decided hit."

Colonel French and Major Walder conducted a Corps Cadets' camp at Batavia, Ill., with great success. Seventy-five souls were captured.

Fort Amity Farm Colony had a visit from the Commander. The Colony is doing remarkably well. Over 700 crates of cantaloupes have been shipped by the colonists, and probably another 2,000 crates will be shipped. The Santa Fe Railroad, which runs through the Colony, has built a loading track, freight platform, weigh scales, mail shed, coal house, etc. The Fort Amity Institute meets fortnightly to discuss all temporary interests of the Colony, and from its members are selected the Board of Water Commissioners, who control the water distribution of the irrigation canal, and the Creamery Directors. Prizes have been given for the best colonist's cottages and grounds, and the best sugar beets.

News Notes.

The Territorial Secretary, Lieut. Colonel Margrett, starts this week on a six-weeks' tour through the Eastern and Newfoundland Provinces.

Of late the preliminary arrangements for the Harvest Festival have been occupying much of the Lieut. Colonel's attention. The new poster, printed in colors, is a magnificent production, and should lead additional attention to the H. F. gatherings.

The Army's Sunday, both at the Central Prison and the Mercer Reformatory, was much enjoyed by the prisoners. The addresses delivered by Lieut. Colonel Margrett were of straight salvation lines.

Major Smeeton has left for Newfoundland on business pertaining to our prospects on the Island. Adj. Turpin has also left to take up his new duties there.

Our Ottawa property has been sold. Our Ottawa comrades will rent temporary premises until arrangements are made to re-build.

The General Secretary is hard at work on the Company Manual.

The Administrative of the Central Ontario Province, taking advantage of the Exhibition rates, have arranged three days' Officers', Local Officers', and Soldiers' Councils, and are looking forward to these meetings with great expectations.

The opening of Riverside new barracks, last Thursday night, was the occasion of an enthusiastic demonstration. Over \$50 was raised towards the Building Fund.

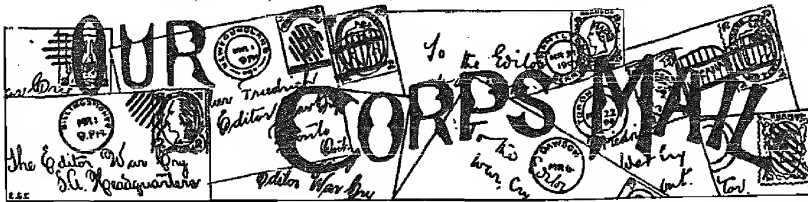
Staff-Capt. Manton has returned, delighted beyond measure with his late trip to the Old Land. He speaks of having breakfasted with the General, attending several meetings and councils conducted by the Chief of the Staff. Words fail to express his appreciation of the splendid treatment and courtesy received on every hand. May God bless our veteran warrior. We are pleased to see him again. War Cry readers will be receiving further interesting details of the Staff-Captain's trip.

Adj. Adams, of the Trade Department, is again at his post.

MAJOR PICKERING AND HIS HAND-BELL RINGERS AT PARRSBORO, N.S.

(By wire.)

Parrsboro had a visit from Major Pickering, accompanied by the Hand-Bell Ringers. Magnificent crowds, Place stirred. Major's address, "A Soldier's Confession," listened to with warm attention; mighty conviction; twelve souls at the cross. Collection, forty-five dollars. Corps steadily rising—Captain Ritchie.



Making Things Hum.

REVELSTOKE, B. C.—I am glad to report progress in Revelstoke. Last Saturday and Sunday we had with us Capt. Haas, who fairly made things hum, and we finished up a glorious Sunday with two souls in the Fountain; both of whom intend taking their staff as soldiers. Hallelujah! On Monday we all turned out to see the last of Capt. Gaia, who left for Rossland, and who, during her stay here of seven months, has made many friends. We are sorry to lose her, but our loss is rather our gain—is now Rossland's gain. On Thursday we were glad to welcome our new C. O., Capt. Southall, who arrived from the "south all" alone. Cadet Owens, who acts as her Lieutenant, having arrived some weeks ago. We are believing for a glorious time, as things are looking up a little.—H. H. R.

Outpost Victories.

COLLINGWOOD.—In our meeting at the country outpost, we were able to rejoice over two backsliders and one Junior coming to the Cross. On Sunday Cand. Smith and Bro. Pittman, of Midland helped in the meetings all day, and at night we were pleased to have Adjt. Moore, of St. Catharines, with us.—I. M. McCann, Capt.; L. A. Patterson, Lieut.

Brigadier Pugmire and His Family.

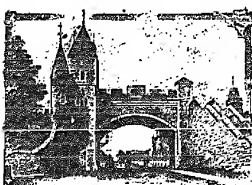
ST. JOHNSBURY corps is still looking up and marching on. We don't see many conversions, and sinners are not convicted as deeply as we would wish, yet "Faith is the victory," and we are believing that many shall yet turn to the Lord and prove that He is mighty to save. About a week after the wedding we were made glad by seeing Brigadier Pugmire once more, and this time not only the Brigadier, but Mrs. Pugmire and the four little Pugmires. The meeting was beautiful and greatly enjoyed by all present. Quite a good number were on the watch, and with the splendid attraction afforded by the two cornets and two drums, we were enabled to gather a large crowd at the open-air meeting on the street corner. Berie and Myrtle did splendidly, both in the open-air and the indoor meetings. The people will not soon forget their songs and drills. One stalwart soldier was enrolled under the Blood-and-Fire Flag. We pray that God may keep him true and faithful. One poor backslider returned and sought the favor of God.—W. C. H.

Dancing Happy.

GRAVENHURST.—God is blessing us and giving us the victory. Glory to His name. In our last Sunday night's meeting, two prodigals came home. We gave vent to our feelings by marching around the hall, and one sister, how she danced! God is very good to us. Our crowds and collections are splendid.—Cadet Loughhead.

Prospects of an Enrolment.

PRESCOTT.—God is giving us victory here. Since last report several have, with uplifted hand, desired our prayers. One of them was saved yesterday (Sunday) morning, and has taken her stand as a Blood-and-Fire warrior of the Cross. Glory to God! We are believing for the others with that faith that "erries it shall be done." Our recruits are

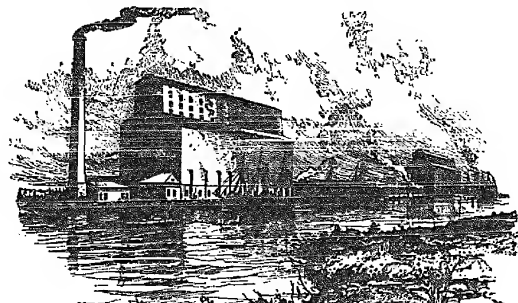


ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

doing well, and we expect in the very near future to have an enrolment.—Yours, fighting to win, Capt. Weir, and Cadet-Lieut. Rutledge.

Mrs. Major Turner at Orangeville.

ORANGEVILLE.—Saturday and Sunday it was easily to be seen that there was a little more than the ordinary stir in Army circles here. Saturday evening we took our stand in the opera air. The whole town being excited over the Dufferin Lacrosse Team, of Orangeville, taking the championship, a great fire was built on the main street, and crowds of people thronged to the place. However, the Champion of the Cross of Calvary, with their little team, scored a glorious victory. Sunday, we began at knee-drill with nine present, and finished the day's meetings with two souls in the Fountain. The night meeting was a time of power. Mrs. Turner pleaded earnestly with the people. The first to volunteer was a boy, who rushed out to the penitent form when the invitation was given. Then a young man came. The attendance and finances were all that could be desired.—N. R. F.



FORT WILLIAM, ONT., FROM THE WATER-FRONT.

Jesus with them in the Jail.

"SKAGWAY for Jesus," is our motto. Our open-air are improving. Many stand and listen to the "old, old story." Bro. and Sister Giggie have had to leave us for a time, but like good salvationists, they are holding meetings nightly at White Horse, where they now live. One of the saved Indians, sentenced to life imprisonment on McNeil's Island, for the murder of the Hortons, writes he is lifting up Jesus in the jail, and God is blessing him. Bro. Hanson, though expecting soon to pay the penalty of his crime, is rejoicing in the assurance of sin forgiven and happy, though condemned to die. God has greatly blessed the work here. Those finding salvation have gone away to spread the glad news. The people here believe in the S. A., and are assisting us by their practical sympathy.—Gooding and Long, C. O's.

A Victorious Week-End.

ST. THOMAS.—We had a wonderful time at St. Thomas last week-end. One soul out at the holiness meeting. An old-time, Blood-and-Fire meeting in the afternoon, when three were enrolled under the old flag, and eight out for salvation at night. The night's meeting was kept up until midnight. God wonderfully blessed us.—Cand. Burny, for Ensign Blot.

We are Rising.

OTTAWA.—During the last two weeks God has wonderfully poured out His Spirit in our midst, and His name has been honored by the salvation of many souls. During the stormy period ten souls have sought and found holiness. On the 18th of August we had a special meeting led by the band, at which Mrs. Ann Gordon, President of the Young Women's Christian Association,

delivered a very powerful address, inviting those in sin to seek salvation. At the close of this meeting ice cream was served, the proceeds to go towards assisting Bandmaster John Duncan in securing a new cornet. Comrade Magee was helping us to roll the old chariot along on Sunday, 20th of August. The S. A. is rising in Ottawa, and souls are getting saved and sanctified. Praise God!—Albert French, Sec.

Musical Meetings.

RAT PORTAGE.—Open-airs are now the order of the day. Large crowds listen to the Gospel message on the street ever night. A musical meeting was held on Saturday night, and while the night was very hot, a large crowd gathered. Everyone enjoyed the music rendered by both the brass and string bands, also the vocal selections. We are gathering ourselves together for Harvest Festival.—J. H. C.

Old-Time Blessings.

LINDSAY.—Just to let the War Cry readers know that Lindsay corps is not altogether dead, I would just like to

reminded us of his late advice to "keep cool," but it was pretty hard until we had eaten ice cream, we then felt a little better. At night say at the latter part of the meeting, Brigadier Gaskin came to the front and had a few words with us. Much credit is due to Ensign Walker for getting such a splendid crowd.—One who was there.

Attracted by the Drum.

STRAITFORD.—Who said we were dead? Praise God, some of us are rising yet. We have gone through very trials lately, but our Redeemer has brought us off more than conquerors, and now it is victory. A few weeks ago a poor heart-broken drunk came to a meeting, attracted by the good old drum. He cried for mercy, and, glory to the Bleeding Lamb, he found it at Jesus feet. A backslider has also given himself afresh to God. Late, a young man was drawn to the barracks through the open-air effort, and, praise God, he received cleansing from his sins. They are all giving God the glory. Our prayers and crowds are on the increase. Our Junior work, too, is rising. We have just received, with the deepest sorrow, the news of the promotion to Ensign of Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips—J. A. Fletcher, J. R. Sergt., for Ensign Scott.

Lieut.-Col. Read Visits Montreal.

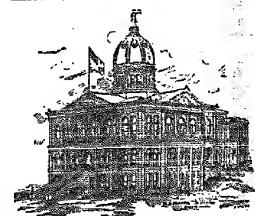
MON. DEAL I.—Since last report we can praise God for victory. We have decided the trials to keep the people from deciding for the right, we have proved that the S. A. is able to save. Of late a number of souls have found their way to the foot of the Cross, and by looking to the Saviour, Who never turns a seeking soul away, they have proved there was cleansing for them. On Sunday we had a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Mr. Head and Staff-Capt. Barnitt. Although the weather was against us, it being very hot, God came very near, and one precious soul plunged into the Fountain and had her sins washed away. We give God all the glory and march on to greater victory.—H. Tytus.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp's Visit.

PILLEY'S ISLAND.—We have just had a special meeting in the shape of a gramophone service, given by our much-esteemed Provincial Officer, Brigadier Sharp. The Brigadier was expected to arrive a day or two before, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, he was detained. We were much pleased, however, to see, at 1:30 p.m., on Saturday, a group of Salvationists approaching the quarters. They were as follows: Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, Ensign Gilling, Capt. Frynk, Misses and Pugh, and Sergt. Conroy. Immediately upon their arrival we got out announcing their arrival and the service began at 8 o'clock. The gramophone being a novelty here, caused a fair crowd to gather, and according to what we heard, everybody was highly pleased. This being Mrs. Sharp's first visit, volleys of welcome were repeatedly fired. When she rose to speak she thanked the soldiers and friends for their welcome, then gave us an interesting address, after which the Brigadier opened on the words "Avenge, avenge, put on thy strength, O Zion," which was well received. The Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp take the steamer Clyde to-night for Exploits.—Jim James, Capt.

Welcome Home Meeting.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND.—Officers and soldiers here are well in soul and all on fire for the salvation of the people. We have welcomed Capt. Merrett, and pray that during her stay here God will give us many precious souls. Sunday night's meeting was a time of rejoicing. We had with us Capt. Parsons, who is at present on furlough. We are believing to see God's work revive in the hearts of the people here.—Frank-Lieut. Parsons.



COURT HOUSE, VANCOUVER, B.C.

March 28
TILSONBURT.—We are in the spirit of the On Sunday a good old army tri marched with us. God like to see smiling ringing words of praise crowd attended the ni was not and convicted many faces, but none any them," is our p C. O.

Hottest Day
NORTH SYDNEY was filled on Sunday, the hottest day we have mer. The meetings times, with one backslider. The united meeting was led by Ensign P. Capt. Leadley and Lennan, and Cadet W. cellent solos were sung. officers. Capt. Leadley for singing a solo, with to each verse. At the got saved. His company convicted that he could got right.—Minnie Phil and Mrs. Thompson.

Drummers Don't
GREAT FALLS, MONT. "Fire," is our motto. glorious times right before saved and God On going into our ha we discovered our dru in and useless, so we one for over a week took our stand as us. Park Hotel on G. A. scented a number of clubbed together and close on ten dollars too. We were taken by au thanked the gentlemen so kind as to assist without solicitation the drummers. They generous hearts. Our last night in spite of has already begun.—S.

Lantern Service at
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Nine So
MEDICINE HAT. of God has been ver meetings of late, and we can lift up our h thankfulness to the t nine precious souls w our Army positive f God's free gift of lov We solicit the prayo everywhere for salva May the time come w of our little weatei spected perfidious Sate themselves to the Christ.—F. C. Bonner

Major Stewart
YORKVILLE.—We on at Yorkville, and are having victory. had with us Major Lowrie, Capt. Croc Capt. and Mrs. McO Mrs. Stacey, and Lie Crocker. Best of all. The meetings were throughout the day, of seeing a prodigal night meeting. On had Ensign Burrows Results: Good stand vice, income very sa souls blessed. Hallelu Ensign.—Treas. Ballo

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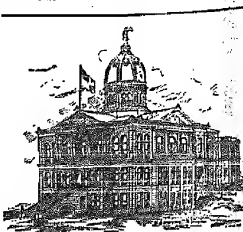
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COURT HOUSE, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Marching at 85 Years Old.

TILSONBURG.—We are still marching on in spite of the excessive heat. On Sunday afternoon Father Williams, a good old army friend, 85 years old, marched with us. God bless him. We like to see his smiling face and hear his ringing words of praise to God. A good crowd attended the night meeting. God was near and conviction was visible on many faces, but none yielded. "Lord save them" is my prayer.—E. M. H., C. O.

Hottest Day of Season.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Our barracks was filled on Sunday, in spite of it being the hottest day we have had this summer. The meetings were soul-stirring times, with one backslider at the Cross. The united meeting on Monday night was led by Ensign Parsons, assisted by Capt. Leadley and Laws, Lieut. McLennan, and Cadet Weakley. Some excellent solos were sung by the visiting officers. Capt. Leadley takes the piano for singing a solo, with a different tune to each verse. At the close one soul got saved. His companion was so badly convicted that he came next night and got right—Minnie Pike, Sec., for Capt. and Mrs. Thompson.

Drummers Don'ts a Drum.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—"Blond and Fire," is our motto. We are having glorious times right along. Souls are being saved and God is being glorified. On going into our hall the other night, we discovered our drumhead all smashed in and useless, so we have been without one for over a week. Last night we took our stand as usual in front of the Park Hotel. On the grandstand were seated a number of drummers, who clubbed together and presented us with close on ten dollars towards a new drum. We were taken by surprise, but heartily thanked the gentlemen who had been so kind as to assist us so generously without solicitation. May God bless the drummers. They have large and generous hearts. Our hall was crowded last night in spite of the heat. H. P. has already begun.—Sheard and Smith.

Lantern Service and Ice Cream.

BUTTE, Mont.—We are still marching on to victory. We have not seen many souls of late, but believe that some good is being accomplished for God. Our week-end meetings were good, and on Friday night we had with us Ensign Staigers and his lantern. The scenes were both interesting and impressive. The subject was, "The dying Saviour, and the Gypsy Girl." A nice crowd attended this special meeting. The Ensign remained with us for Saturday night, when we had a nice cool-off with ice cream and cake. The Butte folks are just the people to keep the visitors going when ice cream is on the boards. Needless to say, the lantern service, the ice cream social enjoyed themselves immensely. We had good meetings all day on Sunday, especially at night, when the Spirit of God spoke to many hearts. Although no one yielded, we believe a great impression was made. I might say that after a long illness, Mrs. Adj. Gale is again at the battle's front, fighting for God and souls. To God be all the glory.—E. P., R. C.

Mine Souls.

MEDICINE HAT, Assn.—The power of God has been very manifest in our meetings of late, and since last report we can lift up our hearts in love and thankfulness to the throne of grace for nine precious souls who have knelt at our Army postulant form and received God's free gift of love and life eternal. We solicit the prayers of our comrades everywhere for sinful Medicine Hat. May the time come when the sinners of our little western town will have deserted perilous Satan, and consecrated themselves to the service of Jesus Christ.—J. C. Bonnell.

Major Stewart at Yorkville.

YORKVILLE.—We are still fighting on at Yorkville, and through God we are having victory. Last Sunday we had with us Major Stewart, Ensign Lewis, Capt. Crocker and Henslip, Capt. and Mrs. McClelland, Capt. and Mrs. Stacey, and Lieuts. Chapman and Crocker. Best of all, God was with us. The meetings were very impressive throughout the day, and we had the joy of seeing a prodigious come home in the night meeting. On Tuesday night we had Ensign Burrows, with his lantern. Results: Good attendance, splendid service, income very satisfactory, and our souls blessed. Hallelujah! Come again, Ensign.—Treas. Bailey, Act. Cor.

"Out of Great Tribulation."

MRS. STAFF-CAPT. PHILLIPS' LIFE AND DEATH.

The Service in the Jubilee Hall and the Funeral.

"I thank God she is with Jesus. I would not wish her back to the agony of suffering she endured during the last eight months."

Staff-Capt. Phillips, pale and broken in spirit, uttered these words. He feels deeply the great vacancy left in his life by the death of her who, for seventeen years, has been his constant companion, but her happy release from an intense suffering in the body is so great a gain to her that the Staff-Captain realizes, even in his great loss, some relief from the fearful tension under which he has lived lately.

That comes from such knowledge, which must be most precious in sight of Jordan.

On Thursday afternoon, August 23rd, seventeen minutes past four, our sister passed peacefully away. She had been suffering considerably that day, and neither food nor drink had passed her lips, but shortly before her death she felt somewhat better, and fell into a quiet sleep from which she never awakened.

Never awakened? Oh, yes! She found herself in a land of rest, where tears and sickness are unknown, and where God Himself is the Sun of it.

THE SERVICE AT THE TEMPLE.

The body had been shipped on Friday night to Toronto. On Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, an impressive funeral service was begun by Lieut.-Colonel Margatets.

Ensign Wakefield, on behalf of the London corps, which had deputed him as their representative, spoke feelingly of the excellent influence of Mrs. Phillips upon his corps, of which she was a soldier.

Then followed Major McMillan, the Provincial Secretary, with a brief address, in which he dwelt upon the blessed comradeship which existed in the Army and which makes a comrade's loss our loss. He spoke with fervent conviction of the patient suffering and saintly fortitude of the promoted warrior.

The warm and appreciative words of Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Margatets, on behalf of the women-officers, were listened to with emotion, and many a tear coursed down the cheeks of her hearers.

The Lieut.-Colonel read a consoling passage of scripture, after which the Staff-Captain rose to speak.

All hearts went out in sincerest sympathy to the chief mourner. He started with an uncertain voice, but soon found his old steadiness. He spoke of his beloved wife and the lingering illness. He thanked God for the wonderful manner in which He had supported him. "As thy days so shall thy strength be," had proved a true promise, and he was more than ever confirmed in his faith in God. He prayed that the services might be a means of blessing in saving men, that was the desire of his dear wife ere she had died.

When death was unmistakably approaching, he had asked her, "Do you still find Jesus precious?" "Yes, very precious," was the quick and joyful rejoinder. He would follow Christ to the end.

Capt. Enston soloed one of Mrs. Phillips' favorite songs, "Angels all the roll up yonder," and Lieut.-Colonel Margatets read the following message from the Commissioner:

THE COMMISSIONER'S LETTER OF SYMPATHY.

My dear Comrades and Friends,—

Another follower of the Lamb and warrior of the Cross has left our ranks for a better world. We would not have her back—her warfare is finished—Christ, in His boundless love, has closed behind her the gates of all strife, sorrow, and pain, and called her gentle spirit to her rest and reward. But there is the empty place left in the homes of those who loved her, and the wound in the heart of those who were closest bound to her. These we will all pray that the consoling Spirit of Him Who is acquainted with all our griefs, will uphold and comfort.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips was a true child of God and a loyal soldier of the Flag. Her lips, although still in death, will go on to speak to those of us who remain, bidding us walk worthy of our calling; bidding us follow closely our Master; bidding us hold firmly to the faith, that at our end it may be said of us that we were "faithful unto death."

Praying for the bereaved with great fervency and tenderness, and asking that God will make this gathering a means of new consecration and inspiration to

my officers and soldiers and of salvation to some poor, dark heart.

Your Commissioner, sharing with you all your joys and sorrows,

Evangeline Booth.

Then the service closed. Six officers carried the coffin to the hearse; the Staff Band formed up, followed by officers and soldiers, and headed by the flag, tied with white ribbon, the march slowly advanced up Yonge Street.

AT THE GRAVESIDE.

The sun was shining, and the robins flew hither and thither when the procession arrived at Mount Pleasant cemetery.

A flood of memories passed through our mind as we beheld the circular Army plot with the plain obelisk, bearing the Blood-and-Fire crest. Here had been laid to rest the mortal remains of many a well-known warrior. Another grave had been dug and was waiting for another casualty.

The service was brief. Staff-Captain Morris sang a verse of "Come, come with me," the chorus of which was a favorite of our departed sister. The Lieut.-Colonel read the Army Burial Service, and Brigadier Friedrich, who had known the Staff-Captain and his wife throughout their Canadian career as officers, said a few words of a touching, sympathetic, and uncompromising life of the now promoted comrade.

We turned away with the feeling of a great loss, and yet with a strong faith in God, Who can save to the uttermost. His salvation robs death of his sting and triumphs over the grave.

The Staff-Captain desires to thank, through the War Cry, the Commissioner, Headquarters' Staff, the numerous officers, soldiers, and friends, who so feelingly expressed their sympathy with Mrs. Phillips during her illness, as well as with him in his bereavement. He feels grateful beyond expression for the innumerable letters of condolence.

Floral contributions were sent by the Commissioner, Territorial Headquarters, Major and Mrs. McMahon on behalf of the province and Office Staff, Ensign Wakefield on behalf of London corps, the London League of Mercy, and several others.

Two Brigades.

KENTVILLE, N. S.—Our open-air work is going on well. On Sunday afternoon our force of fourteen divided for the open-air—seven going to the Porter House, and seven to the American Hotel. The result was a large number of people were reached by the message we carried, and the crowd a great advantage to us financially.—A. Jess, R. C.

Thermometer 100 Degrees in the Barracks.

BILLINGS, Mont.—We are still in the glorious war, and although the fight is hard in many ways, we plod on. Poor souls have knelt at the Cross since our return here. We have had a very hot time, the thermometer registering over a hundred degrees in the hall. Of course, as a result our crowds inside have been small. We have just had a visit from our P. O's. God bless them! They proved a blessing to all of us. Our numbers are not very large, but there are some very striking cases of conversion amongst our little force. Look out, in a future Cry, for a short sketch of the life of one—The Saved Butcher.

Hallelujah Dance.

DARTMOUTH.—It is quite a long time since you have heard from Dartmouth, but, praise the Lord, we are not dead. The comrades are bravely pushing the old chariot along, and they do not intend to hang on behind. A few souls have been saved, and more are under conviction. We are praying they may soon seek the Saviour. May God grant it. Mrs. Capt. McElhenny and Lieut. Redmond were so happy in a meeting recently that they had a dance. It does one good to see the Lieutenant dance. Perhaps they have been taking lessons from Capt. McElhenny. Major Pickering, with the Hand-Bell Ringers, were here a few days ago. The meetings were enjoyed by all, and we believe were of great blessing. May the Lord abundantly bless the Troupe.—A friend, for Mrs. McElhenny and Lieut. Redmond.

hblings of the East Ontario Provincial
Officer and His Wife and Family.
By BRIGADIER PUMIRE.

NEWPORT, Vt., is a lovely spot, sur-
rounded by lovely hills and in a pleasant
vicinity. Quite a crowd of people
attended the open-air meet-
ings, at which the children
down to little
William, sang.
We hadn't time
to hold the
chapel at night,
and some were turned away.
The announcement: "Sixty Thousand
Miles by Land and Sea," brought a
number of people together. Bertie and
Myrtle also did musical drills, and went
through bar-bell exercises, etc., to the
tune of the people. Capt. Birch
and Lt. Hicks held the fort at this place.
Mrs. Pugmire assisted the following
Sunday night at Newport, where she
sang with her two A. D. O. girls
(Bertie and Myrtle) conducted the week-
ly meetings at the city of Sherbrooke.
To say we had a good time is putting
it mildly. Capt. McNaney had spared no
pains in making the public acquainted
with our visit, and as a consequence we
had successful meetings. Musical drills
and bar-bell exercises brought rounds of
applause on the Saturday night, and the
rest of all we had one better.

The holiness meeting on Sunday am.
was simply glorious. The audience was
all on up, and three sought the fullness
of His blessing.
"Sixty Thousand Miles by Land and
Sea" took on for the afternoon, and it
was the Y. M. C. A. (kindly lent) was
used for our disposal, when the largest
crowd Sherbrooke S. A. has seen for a
long time, put in an appearance. There
wasn't seating accommodation enough.
God's power was present, and one young
man from the way back, came to the
mercy seat to seek Jesus. Sherbrooke
is all right; give it a chance, plenty of
Jolly Ghost, hard work, and victory
will be yours. The Ladies showed
exceptional kindness.

ST. JOHNSBURY comes next with
Capt. Downey and Jones at the wheel.
The Hallelujah Wedding between two
of our dear soldiers had been announced,
and drew an immense crowd. Over
three hundred were squeezed into our
little barracks, and numbers were turned
away unable to get in.
Mrs. Pugmire and the children were
present at the following meeting, and took
part. One soul surrendered. My-
rtle was faithful. The corps St. John's
received material in it. God bless St. John's
happy home.

HARRIS is the District Headquarters.
and is commanded by Adj. Ogilvie and
Capt. Brookings. The city is a thriving
place. It is growing fast, and will soon out-
strip Montpelier (the Capital). Harris is
rightly called the "Granite City," for
its suburbs are large granite quarries.
Some glorious open-air meetings were
held, and the crowds were of the cross. We
had excellent crowds in the barracks for
such warm weather.

We had the pleasure of being present
at the Band of Love meeting, conducted
by the J. S. S. M. Solos, etc., etc., were
given, and Bertie and Myrtle did their
drills and exercises. God bless the
happy home.

On the Monday we held to Burlington,
a fine city of about 20,000 souls, at present
commanded by Capt. Vance and
Lieut. Pittman. A wet night, still we
had an excellent open-air meeting, and
inside we had one soul for pardon.
A friendly Methodist minister and an evangel-
ist were present with us, and appar-
ently enjoyed themselves.

ST. ALBANS, last, but not least.
What a crowd we had! In the open-air,
and Myrtle, standing on the drum, with
hands, pointed upwards, sang, "Where's
a better world, they say?" (Officers,
make your open-airs attractive, and you
will have crowds.)

The barracks was almost filled, and
one man came from the back of the
band to the mercy seat and found no
rest. Calvary's story has not lost its
power. Tell it again and again, my
comrades.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS AND MAJOR TURNER AT HAMILTON I.

Despite the excessive warm weather,
Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, accompanied
by Major
Turner, con-
ducted a very
successful
week-end
campaign at
Hamilton I., on
Saturday and
Sunday, Aug.
25th and 26th.
Owing to the
Lieut.-Colonel
having to con-
duct the funeral
of one of our departed comrades, Mrs. Suff-
erant, Phillips, he was prevented being
present at the commencement of the
meeting on Saturday evening. Major
Turner was in command, however, and
started the ball rolling with a good
opening service. A nice, appreciative
crowd turned up on the inside and gave
both the Lieut.-Colonel and Major a
warm welcome to Hamilton. The Col-
onel gave us a nice little talk on "Retros-
pects," resulting, we believe in blessing
to many.

Sunday was a good day. We started
full of faith in the knee-drill, that God
would pour out His Spirit upon us and
save sinners, and we were not disap-
pointed. In the holiness meeting the
Colonel discoursed on "Heaven's War."
Resulting in five giving themselves to
God, including three Juniors. In the
afternoon the Colonel gave a very inter-
esting and instructive talk on "Black
Mark," while Major Turner held forth
among the Juniors. The Major reports a
very successful Junior work going on.
Three Juniors came out for salvation,
one being an adult who was in attendance
at the Bible class. At night the
Colonel's talk on "The Last Message,"
made a powerful appeal to all hearts.
The meetings were instructive, edifying,
and helpful in every way, and cannot
but result in the upbuilding of God's
Kingdom in the Hamilton corps.

On Thursday night Brigadier Gaslin
will open the new barracks at River-
side. So read the announcement of the
special meetings that are now in
progress in the Queen City. A large
crowd had assembled for the occasion,
and a very successful meeting was con-
ducted.
The corps has been laboring on for a
long time under great difficulties, in a
shaky, barn-like building, which would
freely admit the wind and cold in more
places than the doors and windows. It
was impossible to make the old barracks
comfortable in cold weather, in spite of
large coal fires.

OPENING OF THE New Riverside Barracks.

Brigadier Gaslin Turns the Key—A Very
Creditable Brick Building Replaces the
Old Rough-Cast Barracks—City Bands
Present—Large Amount Promised.

The need for a new building has thus
been felt for a number of years, so the
local officers and soldiers and the differ-
ent commanding officers have been anx-
ious to arrange for its erection. The
present officer, Capt. White, was at
last successful.

The captain and his Lieutenants have
worked hard with Major Horn, who is
Treasurer of the corps, and Sergt.-Major
Seeds, and several others, in pushing
on with the building scheme.

The opening was a brilliant affair in-
deed. The people had gathered at the
corner of Broadview and Gerard Streets
and marches from there to the barracks,
where an old and well-known song was
sung in front of the new building, be-
fore the Brigadier turned the key to
declare the building open for the service
of God and the Army.

After a good lively march, in which
bandsmen from all the city bands joined
in, we returned to the hall to find it
crowded to the doors.

The Brigadier was assisted inside by
Major Turner, Horn, and Collier, Staff
Capt. Stanvon, and others. The Rev.
Mr. Hill was also on the platform.

After the opening song and prayer,
the Brigadier explained the need of the
building, and how the need was met.
The Brigadier spoke at some length,
after which he called on Major Horn,

Sergt.-Major Seeds, and Capt. White,
who all in turn told of the work they
had done in securing the building, both
in collecting funds, material, etc., also
of the work others had done on the
building itself. Adj. Attwell spoke a
few words on behalf of the officers who
had been stationed there. The Adjutant
and Mrs. Attwell were stationed there
two winters ago, and were well qualified
for speaking on the necessity of a new
building.

Staff-Capt. Stanvon, the D. O., also
said a few words. He told of how he
spent one day painting on the new bar-
nacles, and felt that he had done his
share towards completing the building.

The hand favored us with a time at
this juncture of the proceedings, after
which Major Turner read a financial
statement, accounting for the money re-
ceived, and how it had been spent. As
the Brigadier thought it was necessary
that we should have an offering, such a
one was taken up, as well as special do-
nations called for, resulting in a total
offering of \$60.

The few words that the Rev. Mr.
Hill, of Broadview Tabernacle, spoke at
the close of the meeting, were an evi-
dence that he is a whole-hearted Chris-
tian, and one who knows how to support
the good work of the Army.

After an interesting address by the
Brigadier, which was listened to very
attentively, the meeting was closed.

We might say that the new barracks
includes a Senior and Junior Hall, and
officers' quarters.—W. Penneck.

SALVATION HAND-BELL RINGERS ON TOUR.

Saturday came bright and fair, and at
night we had an splendid meeting again
in the Dartmouth barracks.

Sunday the knee-drill was a time of
power. Twenty-nine were out for hal-
lujah breakfast, nor were they disap-
pointed. Some will say the number was
few, but they don't know Dartmouth.

We went for a march before the hol-
iness meeting. The sun was so hot we
were almost afraid of sunstroke, but we
had a nice, cool barracks to go back to.
The meeting was a heart-searching time.
The Major spoke with power of Satan's
disobedience in not destroying the
Amalekites, race and branch.

In the afternoon we had a march and
open-air as usual. It makes one's heart
glad to see so many young people utter-
ly forgetful to the claims of Christ, and
spending Sunday afternoon in pleasure-
seeking and parties; but so it is, and it
teaches us to be up and doing.

At night Major had announced for his
subject, "A soldier's confession." It was
a telling message. In the open-air
the devil started meeting us, in the
shape of a half-drunken man, who want-
ed us to move on from in front of his
shop. We kept the hall rolling by
heartily kicking the devil the rest of the
evening.

The Major held the people
spell-bound while he spoke to them.
It was a stiff up-hill in the prayer
meeting. Conviction was stamped on
many faces, but they would not yield to
the strivings of God's spirit. We held
on, however, in faith, believing that God
would not disappoint us; and, praise
God, faith was rewarded with two souls
seeking and finding salvation.

The rain was pouring down on Mon-
day morning, and it was a start for us
for our journey. But it is an ill-wind
indeed, that blows nobody good. The
franciers will be rejoicing, as the rain will
help the crops. It was sadly needed in
this part of the country, and will in
turn help us this coming Harvest Festi-
val.

When we left, quite a number of offi-
cers came to the depot to give us a send-
off, in spite of the rain. God bless the
Halifax District officers for their kind-
ness and courtesy to us. "Clang!" goes
the gong. "All aboard!" shouts the
conductor, and amidst a volley of good
wishes, we were out of the depot, in the
Sydney Express, bound for New Glas-
gow, a three hours' run. At Truro
Capt. Ryan, and her Lieutenant, came
on board the train to see Major for a
few moments and bring some cheerful
news. At Stellarton we were surprised
and delighted to see, "in spite of the wet
weather," our old friend, Adj. Powell,
come on board with Lieut. L. Lehnas,

the officers in charge of Stellarton. In
a few moments we reached New Glasgow
gave. At the depot a crowd of comrades
are ready to welcome us, and they did
it in good style.

In spite of the wet weather a goodly
crowd turned out to the night meeting,
and we had a lovely meeting in the hall.
On Tuesday, the weather still disap-
pointed us. In the forenoon the troops
was practising, and in the afternoon the
Major held an Officers Council, when
the officers from Stellarton, Westville,
Pictou, and New Glasgow attended. It
was a season of blessing. Adj. Dowell
spoke in his usual quaint and forcible
style, illustrating his remarks by saying
that some people said he came into the
time; the Adjutant did a dance, and
S. A. for his hand and butter, and that
he did, and with a fish thrown in, and
sometimes he got jam on his bread, and
sometimes he had to jam the bread down
his throat, so that it was jam all the
time. The Major gave us a very helpful
address for about an hour, which we all
enjoyed.

Adj. Dowell had secured McNeil's
Hall for the night meeting, which was
a Musical Festival. We had a fine open-
air; the Adjutant did a dance and
highland fling over the torches, and
stirred up the pot generally.

In the hall we found, in spite of the
wet weather, a nice crowd of people at-
tended, who enjoyed the dancing, and
invited us all to visit them again. They
expressed their sorrow on hearing the
serious condition of Mrs. Major Pick-
ering.

On Wednesday morning the Major had
to take leave of the troops, and leave
for St. John on urgent business and on
account of the dangerous illness of Mrs.
Pickering, for whose speedy restoration
we are praying. We are sorry to lose
Major, and we will miss him much for
the next two days. Comrades, pray for
the Major in this hour of trial.

In the afternoon we left New
Glasgow for our next appointment,
Stellarton. We did big things there in-
deed. We put some calves in Bro. Mc-
Learn's meat wagon and paraded the
only street in the town, telling the people
there was going to be a meeting in the
little Jerusalem of that wonderful city.
Adj. Dowell, the D. O., was with us,
and gave us all a real treat to hear.
Comrades, I heard and seen him two
years ago, and I find him just the same
original and only G. Dowell, up to all
the tricks under the sun to fight the
devil. The meetings both outside and
in were real good. Lieut. Lehnas is
fighting here until Capt. Haldhour takes
command.

Thursday found us on our way to
Westville, with Ensign Sabine and
Lieut. Payne met us at the depot and
conveyed us to our billets for dinner.
In the afternoon, while the Adjutant
did the corps books, etc., the boys start-
ed to let the people know we had ar-
rived, after which we did some prac-
tising for the meeting.

At night we went in for a good time,
nor were we disappointed. The worthy
D. O. led the open-air. The crowd ar-
rived in was good, and was delighted
with all. When the collection came
they gave well. Back we go to the hall,
to find it crowded out; no room, and
still they come. No sitting room, no
standing room, and the place packed to
the doors. Many people had to go away
disappointed. The meeting (one of the
best held) was simply grand. No one
stirred from start to finish, and it was
voted the best Musical Festival held yet.
The meeting was piloted through by the
"Darting Officer," E. Dowell. Every-
body wanted us to stay another night,
and Ensign Sabine would guarantee us
a packed hall again, and do even better
if we could stay. We were sorry we
had to go on, but we hope to be able to
visit them again in the near future.

Friday, We leave Westville this after-
noon for Charlottetown, P. E. I., and
District, our next appointment.
(To be continued.)

Don't dream away your life. Value
yourself. It took the Trine Jehovah
to make man. Moreover, you were
made in the Divine Image, and the
Christ died for you. What more do
you need to study more than these
three facts? Then make the most of
yourself, make the best of yourself; not
until you do, will you learn something
of the Art of Living.



IL—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XX.
SULLA'S REIGN OF TERROR, AND THE
GLADIATOR'S REBELLION.

After the death of Marius, Cinna
chose Valerius Flaccus as second consul,
and invited all Italians to enrol
themselves as Roman citizens. Flaccus
went to the East to relieve Sulla of his
command, as the latter had started to
drive Mithridates out of Greece, which
he had seized and held for a time.

Flaccus's army, however, rebelled
against him and killed him. Sulla, after
defeating Mithridates, made peace and
started to return to Rome.

The friends of Cinna and Marius fear-
ed Sulla's return. Cinna tried to oppose
Sulla's landing, but was killed by his
own soldiers. Sulla and his victorious
army could not be stopped. Marius' son
attempted it with the help of the Sam-
nites, but suffered a terrible defeat.

Sulla approached Rome furious at the
opposition, and determined on revenge.
He could not enter the city until he had
disbanded his army and have his trum-
phal entry. The Senate came to meet
him in a temple. To impress the Sen-
ators with his earnestness, he had 8,000
Samnite prisoners slaughtered in their
hearing. His men then entered the city
and commenced a fearful slaughter; not
only were those of the opposing party
killed, but also everybody against whom
the soldiers had a spite or whose pos-
sessions they coveted. For days this
butchery went on. When the Senate
enquired when the killing would stop,
Sulla would bring a list of names of the
victims to be killed; first eighty more,
then two hundred, and three hundred
more. The property of the slain was
seized, and their children declared in-
capable of holding public offices. These
black lists were called proscriptions, and
anyone who dared to shelter a victim
was treated in the same manner.

The country population was punished
in even a more cruel manner. Whole
cities were destroyed and districts laid
waste. All Bannin was ravaged and
its old race swept away.
When both consuls had perished Sulla
had named himself Dictator. He de-
sired to re-establish the old government
in Rome, when it was a small town. It
had now grown to a great city, with
many distant dependencies, and required
a different government than his ideal
could give.

He filled the 300 empty Senators'
chairs with Knights, enrolled Italians as
Roman citizens to make up the num-
ber of those who were slain, and set
free ten thousand slaves of his victims.
The tribunes were restricted in their
power, and were never to be elected to
other office after having been tri-
bune once.

After accomplishing all this, he grew
old quickly, having undermined his
health with riot and luxury. He re-
signed his Dictatorship and retired to
his villa near Rome, where he dictated
the history of his life in Greek.

The most promising of the men of
Sulla's party was Cnaeus Pompeius, sur-
named Magnus (the Great) by Sulla on
account of his great bravery when quite
young. He was a worthy man and was
sent to Spain, where Sertorius had held
out eight years against the Roman pow-
er by the help of native chiefs, but he
was finally put to death by his own fol-
lowers.

At Rome things were in a bad state.
The great election struggles grew cor-
rupt, as the offices were sought mainly
for the sake of the three or five years'
government of a Province to which they
led. No expenses were spared in shows
of beast and gladiator fights to win the
people, for during the holding of an
office the candidate wanted to amply
repay himself from the resources of his
province.

During the Spanish war the whole
school of gladiators broke out and armed
themselves with weapons and knives
from butchers' shops, and after gathering
unto them every slave and fugitive from
slaves, intended to march northward over
the Alps and ravage their homes in Gaul
and Thracæ; but the plunder of Italy
tempted them to their destruction. An
army was sent against them, and they
were all slain.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

85 Hustlers.

Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	138
Lieut. Porter, Barrie	138
Sister Bowcock, Lippincott St.	83
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	80
Capt. Connors, Dundas	79
Sergt. J. Deuberville, Hamilton I.	69
Capt. Bond, Owen Sound	60
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	60
Lieut. Price, Owen Sound	58
Capt. Sherwin, Lindsay	56
Sergt. Maud Sister, Fenelon Falls	52
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	50
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	50
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	50
Lieut. Bone, Bracebridge	50
Capt. McCann, Collingwood	50
Lieut. Patterson, Collingwood	50
Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Lott, Meaford	47
Capt. Brant, Omeamee	45
Capt. White, Riverside	45
Lieut. Leggot, Riverside	42
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	40
Cadet Porter, Ligar St.	35
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	40
Capt. Trickey, Orangeville	40
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	40
Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton II.	38
Capt. Poole, Chesley	38
Lieut. Stickle, Parry Sound	37
Capt. Hushinson, Parry Sound	37
Sergt. Bowber, Ligar St.	37
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	36
Capt. Rennie, Sudbury	35
Lieut. Patterson, Sudbury	35
Capt. Culbert, Little Current	35
Lieut. Christopher, Little Current	35
Mrs. Medlock, Temple	35
Sergt. W. Shay, Huntsville	35
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.	33
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	32
Cadet Peard, Ligar St.	30
Bro. Dixon, Temple	30
Cad. Smith, Midland	30
Lieut. McGregor, Orangeville	30
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	30
Lieut. Liddard, Aurora	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Adj. Goodwin, Hamilton I.	27
Adj. Curwardine, Bowmanville	27
Mrs. Holt, Dovercourt	26
Capt. Wadge, Eversham	25
Cad. Mines, Brampton	25
Mrs. Capt. Lison, Oshawa	25
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket	25
Capt. Stephens, Newmarket	25
Sister M. Matheson, Lippincott St.	25
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott St.	25
Lieut. Bushey, Richmond St.	25
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	25
S. M. Bowers, Ligar St.	25
Cadet Letty, Ligar St.	25
Sister Gofton, Temple	25
Capt. Dales, Midland	25
Ensign Bale, Bracebridge	23
Mamie McCurney, Riverside	22
Mrs. Julian, Everscourt	22
Capt. McDonald, Temple	20
Cadet McInnis, Temple	20
Sister Gilbert, Temple	20
Sister Boulton, Temple	20
Mrs. Davey, Yorkville	20
Mrs. Currie, Hamilton II.	20
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Fenelon Falls	20
Capt. Young, Brooklin	20
Capt. Capper, Kilmount	20
Lieut. Marsell, Kilmount	20
Capt. H. Howcroft, Gravenhurst	20
Cadet-Lieut. Longhead, Gravenhurst	20
Capt. Lison, Oshawa	20
Sister Jack, Richmond St.	20
Cadet Neuder, Ligar St.	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

83 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	226
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	173
Lieut. Knuckle, Galt	135
Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	125
Capt. Hunter, Stratford	116
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	115
Lieut. Barker, Lacomitton	100
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	100
Ensign Green, Windsor	96
Capt. Green, Windsor	85
Capt. Fyfe, Sarnia	80
Capt. Campbell, Paris	80
Capt. Ringler, Paris	80
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	68
Audie Wright, Ingersoll	55
Capt. Hollett, Essex	65
Sister Foster, Petrolia	64
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, Brantford	63
Capt. Jordison, Forest	62
Mrs. Down, Thoma	60
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	60
Capt. Howcroft, Stratford	60
Lieut. Edwards, Stratford	60
Mrs. Dr. Green, Dugdeton	60
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	58

COMpetition CHAT

Madam C. O. P. to the Front Again—The East Collapsed—The West Beats the East Twice Over—Major Pickering's Sad Fall

The Light of the East has gone out; The West has scalped her with a shout; Ontario's East and West, Has been equally blessed By the Central, which on top comes out.

The C. O. P. has its distinct triumph again this week. Nothing daunted, she has pressed through last week's defeat to this week's victory. Two ahead of Arab is a close run, but it is a victory, nevertheless. Brave C. O. P. Good G. O. P. Live C. O. P. Let me pat you on the back.

The East has gone out in a double eclipse. If the North-West had just made a little more effort she would have licked the East single-handed. As it is, the North-West and the Klondike on one hand, and the Pacific and Newfoundland together on the other hand, beat the East. Is there a way to wipe out such a crushing defeat? Let Major Pickering furnish the answer in deeds of bravery.

Capt. Gibson, of London, takes his place on top of the Territory again. Cadet Cook, of Winnipeg, is second, with only eleven copies less. Halifax furnishes two names for third place. Sergt. Conrad (204) and Mrs. Adj. Fraser (203).

Here are the other most distinguished Boomerangs:

Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	189
Capt. Broekstra, Barre	173
Mrs. Major Cooper, Hespeler	57
Adj. McGillivray, Brantford	57
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	57
Mrs. Brock, Chatham	57
Lieut. Smith, Goderich	53
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	51
Lieut. Stickells, Sarnia	50
Capt. Coc, Goderich	50
Lieut. Cook, Ridgeway	49
Capt. White, Clinton	48
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	46
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg	45
Lieut. Kitchin, Tilsonburg	45
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Seaford	45
Fred Palmer, London	45
Eva Simpson, Guelph	45
Lieut. Crank, Palmerston	41
Randsman Fleming, London	40
Cand. Craft, Wallaceburg	40
Lieut. Greenwood, Berlin	40
Sister Schuster, Berlin	40
Cadet-Lieut. Allen, Guelph	36
Capt. Copeman, Petrolia	35
Sister Benn, Petrolia	35
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich	35
Capt. Dowell, Seaford	35
Mother Cutting, Essex	35
Lieut. Plant, Bayfield	34
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	33
J. S. S. M. Henderson, Hespeler	32
Capt. Bonney, Wyoming	30
Capt. Brooka, Theford	30
Sister Glover, Dresden	30
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	30
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	27
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	26
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	25
Capt. Kerswell, Drayton	25
Capt. Williams, Galt	25
Mrs. Mellroy, St. Thomas	25
Capt. Thompson, Rockwell	25
Marshall Bean, Wallaceburg	25
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	24
Corps-Cadet Dixon, St. Thomas	23
Mabel Horwood, London	21
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	21
Sister Ellis, Dresden	20
Capt. Harmon, Blenheim	20
Bro. Murgrove, Wroster	20
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	20
Mrs. Hockins, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Burnie, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Bowling, Stratford	20
Mrs. Dougherty, Chatham	20
Alma Gammage, Chatham	20
Trena Harris, London	20
Capt. Jarvis, Berlin	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

71 Hustlers.

Capt. Broekstra, Barre	173
Capt. Oregio, St. Albans	172

Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford 173
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, Halifax I. 172
Capt. Raudall, Ottawa 156
Capt. Miller, St. John I. 150

Capt. Banks leads the Central with 138; Capt. Scott, the Pacific, with 139, and Sergt. Jessie Lidstone, Newfoundland, with 120. The Klondike boomers sell an average of 131 each.



Madam C. O. P.: "I don't care, I'm on top again and keep the lead, if I can only navigate past that rock ahead of me."

Capt. Randall, Ottawa	156
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	150
Sergt. Barber, Burlington	115
Mrs. Adj. Keasdale, Kingston	113
Capt. Lang, Gananoque	104
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Picton	100
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	98
Ensign Ottaway, Ottawa	95
Lieut. Liddell, Perth	92
Ensign Yerec, Brockville	83
Capt. Cook, Morrisburg	80
Capt. Burth, Newport	80
Sergt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	80
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	78
Capt. Bloss Cobourg	75
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Capt. McLean, Cornwall	75
Capt. O'Neil, Kempsville	70
Capt. Wilson, Arnprior	70
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	70
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	67
Capt. Carter, Belleville	65
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	65
Lieut. Woods, Pembroke	63
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Fred	63
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	63
Capt. Patten, Bloomfield	51
Cand. Ault, Arnprior	50
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	50
Lieut. Croser, Port Hope	50
Mrs. Hipper, Montreal II.	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	49
Caad. Stata, Guelph	48
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	47
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	45
Capt. Tytus, Montreal I.	42
Capt. Pitcher, Brockville	42
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	40
Lieut. Hook, Campbellford	39
Capt. Mitchell, Campbellford	39
Capt. Edwards, Napanee	38
Sister Gibson, Sarnia	38
Sergt. Newell, Barre	35
Adj. Kendall, Kingston	33
Sister Harbor, Ottawa	31
Cadet-Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott	30
Capt. Weir, Prescott	30
Mrs. Jewell, Picton	29
Capt. Gosa, Quebec	29
Capt. Owen, Pearecton	29
Mrs. Bundy, Burlington	29
Herbert Moffatt, St. Johnsbury	29
Cand. Gall, Sherbrooke	28
Capt. Gammidge, Sunbury	25
Mrs. Jewell, Picton	25
Capt. Slater, Trenton	25
Sergt. Legie, Montreal I.	25
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	22
Cand. Stata, Kingston	21
Sergt. Vaeour, Montreal I.	20

Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Dad Duquette, Trenton	20
Sergt. Ramacy, Barre	20
Capt. Oregio, Millbrook	20
Mrs. Crawford, Quebec	20
Mrs. Sheppard, Quebec	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

54 Hustlers.

Sergt. C. Courad, Halifax I.	204
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, Halifax I.	193
Lieut. Lang, Yarmouth	169
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	160
Capt. C. Allan, St. John II.	125
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, North Sydney	123
Lieut. Wyatt, Chatham	110
Lieut. Young, Sarnia	109
Capt. Clark, Carleton	100
Capt. Brehaut, Hamilton	100
P. S. M. Flood, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Santuca, Hamilton	90
Lieut. Tiller, St. John II.	90
Lieut. White, Sarnia	80
P. S. M. Canlin, Halifax I.	80
Capt. Ryan, Truro	77
Lieut. Lebas, Truro	77
Sergt. Mrs. Pike, Houlton	75
Sergt. Peckwood, St. George's	71
J. Elbury, Parrishore	70
Lieut. Young, Hamilton	70
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Lieut. Meikle, Campbellton	55
Lieut. Morthough, Windsor	55
Capt. Jackson, Campbellton	55
B. Loury, Kentville	51
G. Bechie, St. George's	50
Lieut. Redmond, Dartmouth	50
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	50
Capt. Peckham, North Head	45
A. Hamie, Bridgetown	44
J. Hardwick, Bridgetown	44
Sergt. Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	44
N. Morrison, New Brunswick	43
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Fredericton	42
Mrs. Bonty, Fredericton	42
Sergt. Kelly, St. George's	41
E. Newell, Dartmouth	37
Bro. Fairweather, St. John III.	37
Capt. G. Thompson, North Sydney	36
Adj. Fraser, Halifax I.	30
Sergt. Solie, Halifax I.	29
Sergt. McDowe, Dartmouth	25
Capt. McEachern, Chatham	25
Capt. Hunt, Bear River	25
M. Burgess, Halifax I.	22
Trens. Cashin, Halifax I.	22
Sergt. Sharph, Windsor	20
Sergt. Holden, Windsor	20
L. Jones, St. John III.	20
M. Marshall, St. John III.	20
E. Tupper, Houlton	20
Sister V. Lebas, Fredericton	20
J. Donovan, Fredericton	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

51 Hustlers.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg	215
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks	157
Capt. Keunir, Emerson	117
Cadet Miron, Rat Portage	75
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	71
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	62
Lieut. Gamble, Medicine Hat	60
Lieut. Patten, Lebristown	60
Ensign Taylor, Calgary	60
Capt. Pearce, Brandon	60
Sergt. Pappine, Jamestown	60
Lieut. Grass, Moose Jaw	50
Capt. Barrager, Fort William	49
Capt. Gamble, Dauphin	49
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert	49
Cadet Lawford, Brandon	49
Capt. Hammond, Fargo	49
Mrs. Kambrook, Portage la Prairie	48
Sister Pearce, Calgary	47
Ensign Hayes, Port Arthur	47
Capt. Fell, Grafton	47
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake	47
Capt. Ordway, Selkirk	47
Cadet Price, Winaipeg	47
Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	47
Lieut. McKay, Port William	47
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	47
Sister Gibson, Port Arthur	47
Capt. Gilliam, Carberry	47
Lieut. Muller, Minot	47
Lieut. Russell, Moorhead	47
Lieut. White, Edmonton	47
Lieut. Onist, Portage la Prairie	47
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg	47
Lieut. Quater, Regina	47
Father Harvey, Valley City	47
Adj. Brazley, Portage la Prairie	47
Cadet Oxenrider, Rat Portage	47
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	47
Sergt. Mrs. O'Neil, Winnipeg	47
Lieut. Hardy, Virden	47
Capt. Westcott, Carman	47
Lieut. Cook, Grafton	47
Capt. Taylor, Neepawa	47
Capt. Wilkins, Valley City	47
Capt. Askin, Hannah	47
Mrs. St. John, Muncie	47

Capt. Draper, I.	20
Sergt. Pike, E.	20
Capt. Charlton,	20
Capt. Westcott,	20

PACIFIC

Capt. Scott, V.	40
Adj. Stevens,	40
Capt. Nesbitt,	40
Mrs. Adj. Ayre,	40
Mrs. Capt. Ho,	40
Mother Hooker,	40
Capt. Walruth,	40
Cadet-Lieut. O,	40
Sister Mrs. Haw,	40
Lieut. Morris,	40
Lieut. Boyer,	40
Capt. LeDrew,	40
Bro. Preston,	40
Mrs. Capt. Jack,	40
Bro. Whipple,	40
Mrs. Parks, Nel,	40
Sister Mrs. Wil,	40
Capt. Kroll, Y,	40
Capt. Fisher, M,	40
Sister M. Thom,	40
Capt. Miller, Ne,	40
Mrs. Adj. McG,	40
Sister McDonal,	40
Sister H. Kaud,	40
Sister F. Pogue,	40
Capt. Perrenou,	40
Capt. Brown, D,	40
Capt. Langill, K,	40
Lieut. Johnson,	40
Capt. Sheard, E,	40
Cadet-Lieut. Smi,	40
Cadet-Lieut. Bue,	40
Sister Hoffman,	40
Capt. Bigney, S,	40
Trens. Moritar,	40
Capt. Ida Galt,	40
Capt. Jackson, N,	40
Lieut. Saint, Lew,	40
Cadet-Lieut. Swec,	40
Bro. E. Britt, Ho,	40
Adj. Kroll, New,	40
Sister Wallender,	40
Capt. Meredith, H,	40
Sister Youmans, A,	40

NEWFOUND

28 H.

Sergt. Jessie Lid,	20
Sergt. Julia Lid,	20
Lieut. Cummings,	20
Capt. M. Jones,	20
Sergt. Major Eha,	20
Cadet Baggis, St.	20
S. M. Blackmore,	20
Cadet Durt, St. J.	20
Cadet LeDrew, St.	20
Cadet Stata, St. J.	20
Sergt. Andrews, S.	20
Sergt. Major New,	20
Cadet House, St.	20
Cand. Newbury, St.	20
Sergt. Payne, St.	20
Sergt. Mrs. Har,	20
Sergt. Murgford, St.	20
Sergt. Wheeler, T.	20
Cadet Bowring, E.	20
Cadet Baggis, St.	20
Sergt. M. Hundo,	20
Sergt. Gibbons, H.	20
Sergt. Bartlett, B.	20
Lieut. Duder, Car,	20
Mrs. Seaward, H.	20
Lieut. Newhook, H.	20
Sergt. Major Bar,	20

KLONDIKE

4 H.

Capt. Lloyd, Dav,	40
Capt. Kenny, Daw,	40
Lieut. Long, Shag,	40
Cand. Wilcox, Dav,	40

SOURIS, Man.

worthy D. O., has

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Davidson and his b

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a wonder. We ha

Lewis, Montreal I.	20
quette, Trenton	20
Ranney, Barre	20
rogo, Millbrook	20
rawford, Quebec	20
ppard, Quebec	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

54 Hustlers.

C. Courad, Halifax I.	204
djt. Frazer, Halifax I.	206
Long, Yarmouth	199
Miller, St. John I.	130
J. Allan, St. John I.	122
apt. Thompson, North Sydney	122
Wyatt, Chatham	110
I. Smith, Windsor	108
Clark, Carleton	100
Brehaut, Hamilton	90
I. Flood, Hamilton	100
Saultna, Hamilton	90
Tiller, St. John I.	90
White, Sussex	90
M. Caslin, Halifax I.	82
Ryan, Truro	77
Leban, Truro	71
Mrs. Pike, Hamilton	70
Peckwood, St. George's	71
sars, Parrsboro	70
Young, Hampton	70
Armstrong, St. John I.	60
Melkie, Campbellton	60
Murthog, Windsor	45
Jackett, Campbellton	51
ury, Kentville	51
ckie, St. George's	50
Redmond, Dartmouth	50
feld, St. John I.	50
Peckham, North Head	44
ard, Bridgetown	45
rdwick, Bridgetown	44
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	44
arrison, North Sydney	42
elg, Fredericton	42
Beatty, Fredericton	42
Kelly, St. George's	42
uch, Dartmouth	42
Fairweather, St. John I.	42
G. Thompson, North Sydney	42
Frazer, Halifax I.	42
Selig, Halifax I.	42
McDow, Dartmouth	42
McGaw, Chatham	42
Lutt, Bear River	42
urgess, Halifax I.	42
t. Caslin, Halifax I.	42
Sharrpham, Windsor	42
Hulden, Windsor	42
St. John I.	42
Marshall, St. John I.	42
upper, Houlton	42
r. V. Leban, Fredericton	42
orovan, Fredericton	42

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

51 Hustlers.

t Cook, Wainipig	215
gn Dean, Grand Forks	77
Kenmir, Emerson	75
t Mervin, Portage	71
Blodgett, Grand Forks	64
Wick, Edmonton	62
t. Gamble, Medicine Hat	62
t. Potter, Lethbridge	61
gn Taylor, Calgary	50
Pearce, Brandon	50
t. Papadine, Jamestown	50
t. Grass, Moose Jaw	50
t. Barrager, Fort William	49
t. Gamble, Dauphin	45
t. Livingstone, Prince Albert	42
et Lawford, Brandon	40
t. Hammond, Fargo	40
r. Russell, Portage la Prairie	38
r. Pearce, Calgary	37
ign Hayes, Port Arthur	37
t. Fell, Grafton	37
t. Myers, Devil's Lake	37
t. Oronarty, Selkirk	32
et Price, Winnipeg	32
t. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	32
t. McKay, Fort William	32
t. McKay, Port Arthur	32
et Taylor, Neepawa	30
t. Capt. Gillam, Carberry	20
ut. Muller, Carberry	20
ut. Russell, Moorhead	20
ut. White, Edmonton	20
ut. Quist, Portage la Prairie	20
s. Addt. McAmmond, Winnipeg	20
ut. Cusiter, Regina	20
her Harvey, Valley City	20
et. Eraser, Portage la Prairie	20
et. Oxendire, Rat Portage	20
et. Burrows, Morden	20
gt. Mrs. O'Neill, Winnipeg	20
ut. Hardy, Virden	20
a. Capt. Westcott, Carman	20
ut. Cook, Grafton	20
pt. Taylor, Neepawa	20
a. Capt. Wilkins, Valley City	20
pt. Askin, Hannah	20
s. St. John, Minnedosa	20

Capt. Draper, Moorhead	20
Sergt. Pike, Edmonton	20
Capt. Charlton, Calgary	20
Capt. Westcott, Carman	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

46 Hustlers.

Capt. Scott, Victoria	130
Adjt. Stevens, Rossland	130
Capt. Nesbitt, Mission	106
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Billings	100
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Helena	83
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Anacanda	79
Mother Hooker, Anacanda	79
Capt. Walrath, Livingston	75
Cadet-Lieut. Owen, Revelstoke	75
Sister Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	70
Lieut. Morris, New Whatcom	63
Lieut. Buvyer, Killepel	60
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	60
Bro. Preston, Spokane	60
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nainimo	60
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	56
Mrs. Parks, Nelson	55
Sister Mrs. Wilson, Vancouver	54
Capt. Krell, Vancouver	52
Capt. Falkner, Rossland	52
Sister M. Thomas, Spokane	50
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom	50
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Nelson	50
Sister McDonald, Helena	49
Sister H. Knudson, Nelson	47
Mrs. E. Fagne, Nelson	47
Capt. Perreault, Kamloops	44
Capt. Brown, Dillon	40
Capt. Lauglin, Kamloops	36
Lieut. Johnson, Bozeman	35
Capt. Sheard, Great Falls	35
Cadet-Lieut. Smith, Great Falls	35
Cadet-Lieut. Buck, Victoria	35
Sister Hoffman, New Westminster	32
Capt. Bigney, Spokane	30
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	30
Capt. Ida Gahn, Revelstoke	25
Capt. Jackson, Nainimo	25
Lieut. Saint, Lewiston	25
Cadet-Lieut. Sweet, Lewiston	25
Bro. E. Britt, Rossland	25
Adjt. Hay, New Westminster	24
Sister Walcott, Rossland	24
Capt. Meredith, Bozeman	21
Sergt-Major Cameron, Rossland	20
Sister Youmans, New Westminster	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

28 Hustlers.

Sergt. Jessie Lidstone, St. Johns I.	120
Sergt. Julia Lidstone, St. Johns I.	40
Lieut. Cummings, Harbor Grace	40
Capt. M. Jones, St. Johns I.	39
Sergt-Major Newary, St. Johns I.	39
Cadet Baggs, St. Johns I.	39
S. M. Blackmore, Pilley's Island	31
Cadet Dart, St. Johns I.	31
Cadet LeDrew, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Slute, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt. Andrews, St. Johns I.	26
Sergt-Major Newman, Twillingate	20
Cadet House, St. Johns I.	20
Cand. Newberry, St. Johns I.	26
Sergt. Payne, St. Johns I.	26
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. Johns I.	26
Sergt. Maynard, St. Johns I.	26
Sergt. Wheeler, Twillingate	25
Cadet Bowering, Bay Roberts	23
Cadet Baggs, St. Johns I.	23
Sergt. M. Blundon, St. Johns I.	22
Sergt. Gibbons, St. Johns I.	22
Sergt. Bartlett, St. Johns I.	20
Lieut. Duder, Carbonear	20
Mrs. Scaward, Heart's Content	20
Lieut. Newhook, Heart's Content	20
Sergt-Major Bartlett, Brigus	20

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

4 Hustlers.

Capt. Lloyd, Dawson	148
Capt. Kenny, Dawson	132
Lieut. Long, Skagway	125
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson	120

SOURIS, Man.—Ensign Hayes, our worthy D. O., has been with us for a few days, during fair-weather, also Father Davidson and his boy, Frank, who, with their music and singing, proved a great attraction, especially little Frank, whom the English term the champion boy band player of the North-West. He is a wonder. We had a presentation of colors on the following Sunday, by Adjutant Cass, who was assisted by Mrs. Cass. The flag was presented in the afternoon, and Bro. F. Hetherington received his commission as Color-Sergt. for the time being. The night meeting was held in the Opera House, where the Adjutant carried some recruits. This being the first excitement we had a large crowd present, and when the collection was asked for, the people, in their usual good-hearted manner, responded liberally. Your humble servant farewelled the same night, after a stay of four months. God has blessed him, and souls have been won for God. Hallelujah!—Capt. Anna Hurst.

TANGLEFOOT.

The other day I was looking at a sheet of Tanglefoot, and a sheet of poison fly-paper in the same room, and I noticed how the flies were attracted and entangled by these two kinds of fly-paper. Some would fly right on to the sticky kind, while others would just skim along, merely touching their feet, and, therefore, would not be entangled, but would go and have a drink of poison in the other dish. As the saying goes, it was to "jump out of the frying pan into the fire." If the devil can't catch us one way, he will try to catch us some other way.

I also noticed some flies would just hover around, and come as close to the edge of the tanglefoot as possible without sticking to the paper; some would come just a little too close and be caught and others again would just get slightly tangled, and by strenuous efforts would get free, perhaps losing some part of their leg in the struggle. I wondered, too, that so many were caught, when they saw others struggling and groaning to be free. I wondered they hadn't seen, or listened, to keep out of danger.

But it seems to me mankind is not much better than the poor flies in this respect. They see the evil and misery or sin, they see its blighting effects everywhere; they see the great danger here and hereafter, and they see the attractions and allurements of Satan, and, like the flies, they don't appear to realize the evils and dangers.

Satan has many ways to entrap men and women, and wonderfully succeeds in his plans. He tries to entangle and poison the hearts and lives of God's believing children. It may only be a little of the world, a little fashion, a little of self pride, envy, malice, jealousy, anger, gambling, backbiting, gossiping, evil speaking, unkindness, etc. Some of God's children do get entangled with one or the other of these sins; but, praise God, there is deliverance through the Blood of Jesus, and there is power in God's Holy Spirit to keep, and preserve, and sustain us against Satan's entanglements. May the Lord bless and keep us watchful and prayerful. And I praise God there is deliverance for every sinner, if they will only come to Jesus, the Sinner's Saviour. Hallelujah!—Treasurer Caslin, Halifax I.

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world. For, as it surrounds us with friends, who tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

Yapus Zimmerman at Sherbrooke.

Mr. Edditt,—

I lift mine pen to write this time not about de pond, but de brooke, where I vvas now. Excitement vvas runs high. We read from newspapers and hand bills what vvas commin. Sheshul meedins at S. A., conducted by Brigadier Pagnire, Provincial Officer, right here in dis place, Sherbrooke, which vvas still in Quebec, the Province, I mean. I vvas giv you dis information, Meester Edditt, in de interests of Sherbrooke, for perhaps some older "big speehals" do not know shust where it vvas, and it vvas so very easy to find; but I must tell you something about the speehals. Shust two of Brigadier's shwvret liddle families (I vvas see their pictur on last week's War Cry) came wid him, Bertie and Myrtle, such lovely children. I vvas tink when I hear dem sing such beautiful songs, and do dem drills so people like, an der fadder vvas make all de anectins so interestin, both wid slugin and talkin. They vvas set two targets, sons and fiancées, and did get both. Lots of people at all de meedins, and such good attenshun, and everyody say, "I vvas like to hear Brigadier and children soon again, and vvas told him to please tell Miss Booth the Sherbrooke people vvas longing to see and hear her soon."

Shust de same,
Yapus Zimmerman.

T. F. S. Appointments.

ENSIGN STAIGER.

Revelstoke, Fri. Sat. and Sun., Sept. 14, 15, 16.
Kamloops, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.
New Westminster, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
Vancouver, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 22, 23.
Nainimo, Mon., Tues., and Wed., Sept. 24, 25, 26.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Norwich, Friday, Sept. 14.
Woodstock, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 15, 16.
Ingersoll, Mon. and Tues., Sept. 17, 18.
London, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 19, 20.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Markdale, Friday, Sept. 14.
Owen Sound, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Chesley, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Meaford, Wednesday, Sept. 19.
Rocklin, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
Collingwood, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 22, 23, 24.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Ottawa, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 13, 14.
Arnprior, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept. 15, 16, 17.
Hensfrew, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Pembroke, Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 19, 20.
Perth, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Sept. 21, 22, 23.
Harroworth, Monday, Sept. 24.
Colebrook, Tuesday, Sept. 25.
Kingston, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Windsor, Friday, Sept. 14.
Halifax I., Sat. and Sun., Sept. 15, 16.
Dartmouth, Monday, Sept. 17.
Halifax II., Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.
Truro, Thursday, Sept. 20.
Stellarton, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 21, 22.
Westville, Sunday, Sept. 23.
New Glasgow, Monday, Sept. 24.
North Sydney, Tuesday, Sept. 25.
Glace Bay, Wed., Thurs., and Fri., Sept. 26, 27, 28.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Minnedosa, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 13, 14.
Brandon, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 15, 16.
Souris, Mon. and Tues., Sept. 17, 18.
Carberry, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
Virden, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 22, 23.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; and send, as far as possible, news of women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Communications: Evangelical Booth, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Every one should be sent, if possible, to delay any more.

Persons, Relations and Friends are requested to keep regularly through this column and to notify the Communications if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

PALMER, MISS. Age 74 years. Last heard of 18 years ago. Of independent means. Was in the habit of taking children from England to Canada. Her father was Secretary of a foundling hospital. Any information concerning her, please address Enquiry, Toronto.

THORNEDLY, JONATHAN. Age 38, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, fair complexion. Believed to be working in a tin factory in Dundee, Quebec. Last known address is Cunningham, Montreal, Que. Any information concerning the whereabouts of the above please forward to Enquiry, Toronto.



HARVEST FESTIVAL
- 1900 -
September 29 and 30, and October 1 and 2.



Holiness Song.

Tune.—It was on the cross (B.J. 17).

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Chorus.

It was on the cross He shed His blood,
It was there He was crucified,
But He rose again, and lives in my heart
Where all is peace and perfect love.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Consecration.

Tune.—Anywhere with Jesus (B.J. 230, B.B. 70).

2 Jesus, precious Saviour, I now come
To Thee,
For this holy warfare anything to be,
Thou hast bought me with Thy blood at
so great a cost,
All I have I give Thee, to reclaim the
lost.

Chorus.

All, yes, all, I give Thee,
All my days for Thy praise,
Gladly all I give Thee,
Precious souls to save.

No more wasted moments, no more idle
words,
Time and talents now shall be fully all
my Lord's.
It shall be my great delight now to do
His will,
Then let Thy loving Spirit, all my nature
fill.

In the fiercest conflict, faithful I will be,
In the open-air and march always close
to Thee,
At my post I'll fight and die, for I want
to bring
Many souls to Jesus, help me, Lord, my
King.

Brigadier Cozens, U. S. A.

Experience.

Tune.—We're sure to win (B.J. 170)

3 We meet the foes of all mankind,
And fight to win!
That all the wretched joy may find,
We fight to win!
Though they the slaves of sin may be,
And have no hope to be set free,
That they may God's salvation see,
We fight to win!

Chorus.

The Yellow, Red, and Blue shall fly
Above our heads until we die;
With Blood-and-Fire 'neath every sky,
We're sure to win! We're sure to win!

When Satan seems to bear the sway,
We stand to win!
In sore temptation every day,
We stand to win!

Though others may run to and fro,
And to all kinds of fountains go,
Just where the Living Waters flow,
We stand to win!

And while we fight at His command,
We're sure to win!

Beneath the Flag in every land,
We're sure to win!
The Yellow, Red, and Blue shall fly
Above our heads until we die;
With Blood-and-Fire 'neath every sky,
We're sure to win!

Testimony.

Tune.—Over Jordan.

4 I have left the way of sin,
And the road I travelled in;
Now I've peace and joy within,
Hallelujah!
I am bound for heaven above,
Where all is peace and love,
The eternal joys I'll prove,
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
There will be no sorrow there,
In that land so bright and fair,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
We'll be free from every care,
Hallelujah!

I have loved ones gone before,
They are safe on Canaan's shore,
I shall grasp their hands once more,
Hallelujah!
So to Jesus I'll be true,
'Neath the Yellow, Red, and Blue,
For I've now the port in view,
Hallelujah!

Shiner, Jesus calls for thee,
From your sins He'll set you free,
For He died on Calvary,
Hallelujah!

"Whoever will," means you,
For we know God's word is true,
Come, and you will prove it, too,
Hallelujah!

B. Kierstead,
Campbellton, N. B.

Thou Wouldst be Saved.

Tune.—Why not to-night? (B.J. 131).

5 Oh, do not let the word depart,
Or close your eyes against the
light;
Poor sinner, harden not your heart,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time—oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

Our God, in pity, lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love resist?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live!

Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

Backsiders' Song.

Tune.—Sinner, come home (B.J. 117).

6 Backslider, to Jesus, thy Saviour,
return,
His love for you all is the same;
He'll freely forgive you the moment you
turn
... mercy and pardon to claim.
Sin makes you feel sad, but grace mak-
eth glad,
And this He will freely bestow;
So come home, backslider, and sing once
again,
"His blood makes me whiter than
snow."

Chorus.

Come home, come home;
Backslider, to Jesus come home.

When here in His service both joyful
and glad
You serve Christ, your Saviour and
King,
Your heart was a heaven, you seldom
felt sad,
For He to you gladness did bring.
Oh, do not delay, but come home to-day,
Ere lost is your soul in dark woe;
Start once more to serve Him, while
gladly you sing:
"His blood makes me whiter than
snow."

No, to-morrow won't do, to-day you
must come,
When mercy can be sought and found;
While Jesus is calling, be wise and come
home,
And prove that His love doth abound.
Once more do His will, your soul He
will fill
With boundless delight as you go
Right straight up to Glory, enabled to
sing:
"His blood makes me whiter than
snow."

Called for the Field.

Tune.—Just take the news to mother
(B.J. 380).

By A. D. COWAN, Staff-Capt.

7 While an Army band was fighting
One hot and sultry night,
And lads and lassies praying,
With upturned faces bright,
Came a question from the Captain,
"Who'll volunteer for God,
Or who'll take up the cross and follow
Him?"

"I will," a young man answered,
"I'll take my stand to-night."
Then boldly to the front he made his
way,
Bowed his heart in deep contrition,
Down at the Saviour's feet,
And those who knelt around him heard
him say:

Chorus.

"I come, oh, Jesus, Saviour; I know
there is no other
Can wash away the sins of years,
And make me fit to die;
My heart is sad and broken,
But, oh, Thy voice has spoken,

And as Thou biddest me come to Thee,
My Lord, my God, I come."

From afar a cry is stealing,
A wail of human pain;
Wrung from the hearts so hopeless,
Of weary, sinful men,
Then the sweet voice of the Master
Sounds in the hero's soul,
"Oh, who will go and bring these wa-
derers home?"

"I will," the brave lad shouted,
"I'm Thine to live or die."
Then rushed into the battle's thickest
fry,

Saving souls so lost and sinful,
And bringing them to God,
While teaching vile, polluted lips to
pray:

But another voice is pleading,
The voice of friends and home,
"Why make this needless sacrifice?"
they say:

"For mother's hair is whitening,
She wants her boy at home;
Oh, do not leave, and break her heart;
we pray,
With holy desperation the soldier presses
on

And victory wins for Jesus every day;
Though the battle rages sorely,
His faith is strong and bright,
These are the words his comrades hear
him say:

2nd Chorus.

"Just take this word to mother,
And tell her, though I leave her,
That Jesus Christ depends on me,
And I'm not coming home.
Just tell her sons are dying,
For my help they're crying,
And Jesus bids me fight for Him,
And I'm not coming home."

Coming Events.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETT

Territorial Secretary,

Accompanied by the PROVINCIAL
OFFICER, will visit
EASTERN PROVINCE

St. John V., Saturday, Sept. 15.
St. John III., Sunday, Sept. 16.
Moncton, Monday, Sept. 17.
Summerside, Tuesday, Sept. 18.
Charlottetown, Wednesday, Sept. 19.

NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John's I., Sunday, Sept. 23.
St. John's, British Hall, Monday, Sept.
24.
St. John's I., Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25
26.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

and

THE STAFF BAND

will visit

Lippincott St., Sunday, Sept. 16.

MAJOR and Mrs. HARGRAVE

will visit

Vancouver, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept.
15, 16, 17.
Victoria, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19.
Nanaimo, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20, 21.
New Westminster, Sat., Sun., and
Mon., Sept. 22, 23, 24.
New Whatcom, Tuesday, Sept. 25.
Mount Vernon, Wednesday, Sept. 26.
Spokane, Sunday Sept. 30.

MAJOR PICKERING

accompanied by the

Salvation Hand Bell Ringers

will visit

St. John V., Saturday, Sept. 16.
St. John III., Sunday, Sept. 16.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit and conduct Special Meetings

at the following camps:

Bracebridge, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Sept.

15, 16, 17.

Gravenhurst, Tuesday, Sept. 18.

Onemee, Wednesday, Sept. 19.

Lindsay, Thursday, Sept. 20.

Kilmont, Friday, Sept. 21.

Fenelon Falls, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 22,
23.

Uxbridge, Monday, Sept. 24.

THE COMMISSIONER

(MISS BOOTH)

WILL VISIT

ST. JOHN, N.B.

SUNDAY, September 23rd—Salvation Meetings.

MONDAY, September 24th—Drawing Room Meeting,
and Opening of New Women's Social Institution.

TUESDAY, September 25th—Officers' Councils.



16th Year. No.

This allegorical
throwing the
its grip, while